





112



HOPE.

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: IN MY
LADY'S
NAME:



: POEMS
OF LOVE
AND ::
BEAUTY

Compiled and Arranged by ::

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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ONE LOVELY NAME.

*One lovely name adorns my song,
And, dwelling in my heart,
For ever falters at the tongue,
And trembles to depart.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



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THY NAME.

I.

TAKE up thy pen and write
What I shall say, —
Thus said a Voice to me
One perfect day.

In summer's regal prime,
When marching by
Came all the splendors of
The earth and sky

A-step to song of birds,
And with the trees
For banners waving in
The lusty breeze.

Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say, —

And so I wrote and wrote
That perfect day ;

But every word I wrote
Was just the same,
And every word I wrote
Was just—thy name !

And when I asked the Voice,
I heard it say :
*No other word is meet
For such a day !*

II.

*Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—*
Thus said a Voice to me
One dreary day

In winter's bitter time,
When earth and sky
Their gleaming cohorts led
No longer by ;

A day when all the world
Lost heart and bowed
Its head to sleet and rain
From sullen cloud.

*Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—*
And so I wrote and wrote,
That doleful day ;

But every word I wrote
Was just the same,
And every word I wrote
Was just—thy name !

And when I asked the Voice,
I heard it say :
*No other word gives life
To such a day !*

WAITMAN BARBE.

IN MY LADY'S NAME.



IN MY LADY'S NAME.

ADA.

AH! she is nature's own sweet child,
So pure in mind and heart,
Still unsuspecting, unbeguiled,
And all unspoiled by art !

Health beats within her rounded zone
And glows in every vein ;
Her bosom is a living throne,
Where sweet affections reign !

Her golden hair in rippling waves
Flows softly o'er her brow ;
Her snowy shoulders, where it laves,
Peer just a little through !

Cheeks that outblush the morning rose,
A brow that rivals snow,
Lips that the ruby's tints disclose—
These need no pencilled glow !

A gentle breast that knows no sin,
In faith and virtue strong ;
It keeps its modesty within,
And never dreams of wrong !

There is no sin or wrong in truth,
Whate'er the form it takes ;
Her sparkling eyes and rosy mouth
Reveal it ere she speaks !

Her virgin heart and mind of light,
Her soft, sweet, winning tone,
With many a nameless charm unite,
And blend them all in one !

She needs not fashion's narrow rule
To guide her feet secure ;
Her wildest ways are beautiful,
Her freest thoughts are pure !

There is a cadence in her step,
Her very motions rhyme ;
And there is music in her lip,
Her language is a chime !

Such beauty needs no artful wile
Its dignity to prove ;
It needs no taught or practised smile
To win and keep our love !

She brings us confidence and joy,
And leaves sweet memories—
A pleasure that can never cloy,
A charm that never dies !

And only nature can impart
A grace so beautiful ;
It springs from purity of heart,
And dwells within the soul !

HORACE P. BIDDLE.

ADELINE.

I.

MYSTERY of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair ;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

2.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun

Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden passed away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

3.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone :
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own ?
Hast thou heard the butterflies,
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath ?
Hast thou looked upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreamy Adeline?

4.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

5.

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

ADELLE.

THOUGH the hopes I have left be not many,
I have one which is second to none,
A hope that is dearer than any,
And it is—tho' this all may be ill or be well—
That perhaps in the fairer Hereafter, Adelle,
You and I will be one.

The streams which so tenderly blended
To their ocean divided may run ;
But perhaps, when their course is all ended,
Perhaps—tho' this all may be ill or be well—
Perhaps in the vaster Hereafter, Adelle,
The two may be one.

The days of affection have faded,
The nights of our visions are gone ;
And we—we shall pass e'en as they did ;
But perhaps—tho' this all may be ill or be well—
Perhaps in the mighty Hereafter, Adelle,
You and I shall be one.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

“ To Adelle.”

ADRIANA.

ARTEVELDE.— Oh, she is fair !
As fair as Heaven to look upon ! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount
Beneath the palm and dreaming of the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted me in my pilgrimage
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid
Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

From "Philip Van Artevelde."

AGATHA.

WERE her face as dusk as twilight,
When the soft September eves
Darken slowly in the shadow
Till the daybeam is no more,
I would make her blaze with jewels,
As the night, when it receives
One by one the starry splendors,
Sprinkling all the heavens o'er :

Diamonds from her ebon tresses
Should outflash their living light ;
On her fingers, rubies, sapphires,
Gems of loveliest hue should gleam ;
Oh, but I would make her glorious
As the star-encinctured night !
Oh, but I would make her lovelier
Than the poet's fondest dream !

But her brow is fair as morning
When no mists its beauty shroud ;
And her shining auburn ringlets
Like a sunlit torrent fall
Down the dainty neck whose whiteness,
Gleaming through a golden cloud,
Seems a snow-wreath in the splendor
That the day flings over all !
Oh, her eyes were made to worship,
With their depths of heavenly blue !
Oh, her mouth was made for kisses,
With its dewy-luscious lips !
And the heaven of her caresses,
Warm and passionate and true,
Fills me with delirious rapture,
Thrilling to my finger-tips.

Were her name a mark for slander,
Hissing out its venom'd lies,
Till the world, with face averted,
Smote her with its cruel scorn,

I, against a mad world's clamor,
 Would believe those holy eyes,—
 Mirror of a soul where only
 White and starry thoughts are born !
 I would build my faith around her
 Like a fortress of defense,
 From the malice of the evil,
 From the meanness of the proud ;
 I would lavish love upon her,
 Self-forgetting and intense,
 Till the light of joy should scatter
 From her pathway, every cloud !

But the evil tongue is palsied
 That would dare to wrong her name ;
 And for her the lip of cursing
 Can speak nothing but a prayer ;
 Even envy casts no shadow
 O'er the whiteness of her fame,
 For the angels guard their sister
 With a proud and loving care !
 Oh, I love her for her beauty,
 Brighter than the poet's dreams
 When elysian splendors haunt him
 And his life is most divine !
 Oh, I love her for her goodness,
 For the gentle soul that seems
 Kindred with the star-crowned spirits,
 For the pledge that makes her *mine* !

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

AGNES.

AS stars are dimm'd when full-orbed Dian fills
With her resplendent light an Autumn sky :
As fragrant musk all fainter perfume kills,
And roses shame the flow'rs that blossom
nigh :

So, Agnes, pale and pure, thy charms outvie
The brightest stars in fancy's boundless space ;
Soft as an od'rous zephyr is thy sigh,
And fairer than a lily is thy face.
But brighter still, and purer, and more fair
Than outward beauty, draped in cloth of gold,
Are those rich ornaments thy soul doth wear—
Truth, Hope, a Tenderness of depth untold,
A helpful Instinct, sweet as it is rare,
A Patience that abides, a Love that grows not
cold.

JOSEPH TATLOW.

AGNES.

MY little Agnes,—there she goes,
Just watch her while I speak,—
How like the petals of a rose
Her rounded damask cheek.
Those eyes,—the wild bee never sips
A violet half so fair ;
And mark those dainty roguish lips,—
What sweetness revels there !

See how the daisies scatter dew
About her as she goes ;
The violets their clear eyes of blue
In wondering gaze uncloze.
The grass she presses with her feet
Is greener when she 's gone ;
It looks more beautiful and sweet,
For she has walked thereon.

Oh, never care or weeping dole
Shall fill her gentle breast ;
The sacred beauty of her soul
Shines out a spirit blest.
Her voice is music to my ear,
Her smile is light divine ;
There 's never sorrow when she 's near,—
My Agnes,—and she 's mine !

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

“ My Little Agnes.”

ALCINEA.

HER bosom is like milk, her neck like snow ;
A rounded neck ; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves, that on the coast beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

ARIOSTO.

Translated by Leigh Hunt.

ALICE.

SHE feels her beauty's presence as the spring
Must feel her April sky ;
She only knows the gladness it doth bring,
Nor dreams of reasons why
Each charmed hour should come on noiseless
wing
And flit as lightly by.

Before the fire she sits with low-bent head
And slender folded hands ;
The glow from purple flame and embers red
Lights up those distant lands
Where her young spirit walks with gentle tread,
Or, meditative, stands.

And as she wanders through those airy spheres
Of fancy, far away,
No voice from all her real world she hears,
No sounds her footsteps stay,
But as she goes great shining walls she rears,
Nor heeds them lightly sway.

And towers and archways grand her maiden
might
With confidence essays ;
And golden pinnacles of wondrous height
The dextrous fingers raise,

To glow and sparkle in the warm delight
Of tranquil summer days.

At last the magic palace stands complete,
And in it she espies
Its blushing mistress, winsome, fair, and sweet,
With gladness in her eyes,
And on her lips, a frank confession meet
For love that scorns disguise.

And standing close beside her may be seen,
With triumph in his face,
The royal master with most royal mien,
And full of kingly grace,
Who, smiling, gives that homage to his queen
He takes from all his race.

BLANCHE BONNER WRIGHT.

ALLEGRA.

I WOULD more natures were like thine,
That never casts a glance before,—
Thou Hebe, who thy heart's bright wine
So lavishly to all dost pour,
That we who drink forget to pine,
And can but dream of bliss in store.

Thou canst not see a shade in life :
With sunward instinct thou dost rise,
And, leaving clouds below at strife,
Gazest undazzled at the skies,
With all their blazing splendors rife,
A songful lark with eagle's eyes.

Thou wast some foundling whom the Hours
Nursed, laughing, with the milk of Mirth ;
Some influence more gay than ours
Hath ruled thy nature from its birth,
As if thy natal stars were flowers
That shook their seeds round thee on earth.

And thou, to lull thy infant rest,
Wast cradled like an Indian child :
All pleasant winds from south and west
With lullabies thine ears beguiled,
Rocking thee in thine oriole's nest,
Till Nature looked at thee and smiled.

Thine every fancy seems to borrow
A sunlight from thy childish years,
Making a golden cloud of sorrow,
A hope-lit rainbow out of tears,—
Thy heart is certain of to-morrow,
Though 'yond to-day it never peers.

I would more natures were like thine,
So innocently wild and free,
Whose sad thoughts, even, leap and shine,
Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
Making us mindless of the brine,
In gazing on the brilliancy.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALLIE.

ENVY thou the sweet possession
Of a spirit pure and mild,
That no part of least transgression,
That no wasted years, or wild,
Hath to ruffle o'er its pearly,
Tranquil waters late and early.

Such a lovely spirit Allie
Carries with her to the grots ;
And her silent feet keep tally
Ever to her silent thoughts :
Nothing in her out of keeping
With green dales and lilies sleeping.

When she comes within the shadow,
Fashioned darkly to her mind,
Of a maple-bordered meadow,
In small compass all confined,—

There a brook 'neath long grass shrinking
Still keeps time to Allie's thinking.

There, beneath the water's gliding,
Minnows hear, and shining dace,
And come boldly from their hiding,
To look on her pretty face—
Their long fearfulness in token
Of her artlessness now broken.

Walking thoughtfully, she marries
Her quick soul to every sound,
And within her bosom carries
That which all sweets cluster round.
Nature's thousand pearl-eyes glisten,
When such pure ones look or listen.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

AMANDA.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly ;
Behold ! the wintry storms are gone ;
A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'T is joy and music all we hear,
'T is love and beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows ;
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to swell the rose.

E'en so thy rising charms improve,
As life's warm season grows more bright ;
And, opening to the sighs of love,
Thy beauties glow with full delight.

JAMES THOMSON.

“To Amanda.”

AMARANTHA.

A MARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair !
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind ;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best ;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray ;
But shake your head, and scatter day !

RICHARD LOVELACE.

“Song.”

AMELIA.

EARTH was a bower of roses rare and pale,
And heaven a starry sea ;
Through the soft shadow sang the nightingale
His wondrous melody.
'T was springtime, and the dewy dawn was
wet,—
When from its dreaming stirred,
The flower's soul in sweetness rising met
The bright soul of the bird ;
And from that kiss thy loveliness was born :
Fair shrine that doth enclose
The song-bird's voice, the gladness of the morn,
The perfume of the rose.

AURELIO GARAY.

Translated by Mary E. Blake.

AMELIA.

WHENE'ER mine eyes do my Amelia greet
It is with such emotion
As when, in childhood, turning a dim street,
I first beheld the ocean.
There, where the little, bright, surf-breathing
town,
That showed me first her beauty and the sea,
Gathers its skirts against the gorse-gilt down
And scatters gardens o'er the southern lea,

Abides this Maid
Within a kind, yet sombre Mother's shade,
Who of her daughter's graces seems almost
afraid,
Viewing them ofttimes with a scared forecast,
Caught, haply, from obscure love-peril past.
Howe'er that be,
She scants me of my right,
Is cunning careful evermore to balk
Sweet separate talk,
And fevers my delight
By frets, if, on Amelia's cheek of peach,
I touch the notes which music cannot reach,
Bidding "Good-night!"

COVENTRY PATMORE.

AMY.

AMY, of old a bold knight,
Naming his lady-love true
Ere he went forth to the fight,
Conquered a foeman or two;
Victory surely I might
Claim for my love, for I, too,
Whisper your name in my plight,
Amy, *aimee, m'aimez-vous?*

Amy, *je t-aime*; that is trite,
Tell me how better to woo;

Angelina

Shall I an Iliad write
 Or a perfumed *billet-doux*?
 No—are you satisfied quite,
 Tell me, my sweetest, are you?
 Answer me, mischievous sprite,
 Amy, *aimee, m'aimez-vous*?

Amy, why turn from my sight
 Eyes of such lovely blue?
 Is it for fear that I might
 Guess what is hidden from view?
 Do your fair cheeks, that were white,
 Blush a soft “yes” when I sue?
 Do your eyes fill with love light,
 Amy, *aimee, m'aimez-vous*?

L'ENVOI.

Amy, my arms hold you tight,
 Captive you are until you
 Answer, and answer aright,
 Amy, *aimee, m'aimez-vous*?

H. C. FAULKNER.

ANGELINA.

FOR ever gentle, sweet, and lone,
 Her voice, her step, her hand subdued,
 She moves like one who ne'er has known
 The changes of a human mood.

The tender dawn of those fair eyes
Breaks, vaguely sweet, through tears un-
falling ;
Waking strange Fancies ; Memories
As sweet, as strange recalling.

A soft shade makes her face more fair :—
Not softer, slanted from above
On lilies rocked in evening air
That shadow from the Star of Love !

Say, has she loved ? In some far sphere
Perhaps she loved, and loved in vain ;
And still in this cold exile here
Forgets the cause, but feels the pain.

AUBREY DE VERE.

ANITA.

SHE 's a pretty puss in boots,
With a saucy name that suits
Every glance.
Is it whispered, is it sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Anita

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat,
And she talks of this and that
Such a way,
Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

She is not an angel; no!
They are out o' place below,
Let us grieve.
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Her singing makes me think
Of a tricksy bobolink
All delight,
With his silver strain aflow
Where the apple-blossoms blow
Pink and white.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew agleam,
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

ANN.

YE gallants bright, I red ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann ;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan ;
Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van :
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man ;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Bonnie Ann."

ANNA.

BROWN is for Lalage, Jones for Lelia,
Robinson's bosom for Beatrice glows,
Smith is a Hamlet before Ophelia.
The glamour stays if the reason goes,

Every lover the years disclose
Is of a beautiful name made free.

One befriends, and all others are foes :
Anna 's the name of names for me.

Sentiment hallows the vowels of Delia ;
Sweet simplicity breathes from Rose !
Courtly memories glitter in Celia ;
Rosalind savors of quips and hose,
Araminta of wits and beaux,
Prue of puddings, and Coralie
All of sawdust and spangled shows ;
Anna 's the name of names for me.

Fie upon Caroline, Jane, Amelia—
These I reckon the essence of prose !—
Mystical Magdalen, cold Cornelia,
Adelaide's attitudes, Mopsa's mowes,
Maud's magnificence, Totty's toes,
Poll and Bet with their twang of the sea,
Nell's impertinence, Pamela's woes !
Anna 's the name of names for me.

ENVOY.

Ruth like a gillyflower smells and blows,
Sylvia prattles of Arcady,
Portia 's only a Roman nose,
Anna 's the name of names for me !

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

"Of Ladies' Names."

ANNE.

HER eyes be like the violets,
Ablo'w in Sudbury lane ;
When she doth smile, her face is sweet
As blossoms after rain ;
With grief I think of my gray hairs,
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old door
Upon this Sabbath day ;
And she doth bring the tender wind
That sings in bush and tree ;
And hints of all the apple boughs
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go,
Some grewsome things doth say ;
Now, she is highest Heaven to me ;
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk sit
To hear the sermon through ;
But if our God be such a God,
And if these things be true,
Why did He make her then so fair,
And both her eyes so blue ?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
And finds her sitting there ;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
And soft her yellow hair ;
I looked across to that old pew,
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury lane,
Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
Is far more fair, I ween !
I wonder how my forty years
Look by her sweet sixteen !

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

ANNETTA.

ONE day, all satiate with sport
Of piercing hearts unto their marrow,
Cupid, asleep in Sylvan Court,
Awoke and missed both bow and arrow.

Then in commingled grief and rage
He roamed as far as e'er love's star gets,
And for a while earth owned an age
Of unpierced hearts, love's virgin targets.

But o'er his path Annetta trips,
A vision of lost treasures flashes—
His ruby bow,—her arching lips,
His quivered darts, her trembling lashes.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

ANNIE.

ANNIE is fairer than her kith
And kinder than her kin ;
Her eyes are like the open heaven
Holy and pure from sin :
Her heart is like an ordered house
Good fairies harbor in :
Oh, happy he who wins the love
That I can never win !

Her sisters stand as hyacinths
Around the perfect rose :
They bloom and open to the full,
My bud will scarce unclose.
They are for every butterfly
That comes and sips and goes ;
My bud hides in the tender green
Most sweet, and hardly shows.

Oh, cruel kindness in soft eyes
That are no more than kind,
On which I gaze my heart away
Till the tears make me blind !
How is it others find the way
That I can never find
To make her laugh that sweetest laugh
Which leaves all else behind ?

Her hair is like the golden corn
A low wind breathes upon :
Or like the golden harvest-moon
When all the mists are gone :
Or like a stream with golden sands
On which the sun has shone
Day after day in summer time
Ere autumn leaves are wan.

I will not tell her that I love,
Lest she should turn away
With sorrow in her tender heart
Which now is light and gay.
I will not tell her that I love,
Lest she should turn and say
That we must meet no more again
For many a weary day.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ARIADNE.

THE moist and quiet morn was scarcely breaking,
When Ariadne in her bower was waking ;
Her eyelids still were closing, and she heard
But indistinctly yet a little bird,
That in the leaves o'erhead, waiting the sun,
Seemed answering another distant one.
She waked, but stirred not, only just to please
Her pillow-nestling cheek ; while the full seas,
The birds, the leaves, the lulling love o'er-
night,
The happy thought of the returning light,
The sweet, self-willed content, conspired to
keep
Her senses lingering in the field of sleep ;
And with a little smile she seemed to say,
“ I know my love is near me, and 't is day.”

LEIGH HUNT.

ARABELLA.

OF a fair town where Doctor Rack was guide,
His only daughter was the boast and
pride ;
Wise Arabella, yet not wise alone,
She like a bright and polished brilliant shone ;

Her father owned her for his prop and stay,
Able to guide, yet willing to obey ;
Pleased with her learning while discourse could
 please,
And with her love in languor and disease :
To every mother were her virtues known,
And to their daughters as a pattern shown :
Who in her youth had all that age requires,
And with her prudence, all that youth admires.

.

This reasoning Maid, above her sex's dread,
Had dared to read, and dared to say she read,
Not the last novel, not the new-born play ;
Not the mere trash and scandal of the day,
But (though her young companions felt the
 shock)
She studied Berkeley, Bacon, Hobbes, and
 Locke :
Her mind within the maze of history dwelt,
And of the moral Muse the beauty felt :
The merits of the Roman page she knew,
And could converse with More and Montagu :
Thus she became the wonder of the town,
From that she reaped, to that she gave renown,
And strangers coming, all were taught t' admire
The learned lady, and the lofty spire.

GEORGE CRABBE.

From "Arabella."

AUGUSTA.

“ *Incedit regina !* ”

“ **H**ANDSOME and haughty ! ”—a comment
that came

From lips which were never accustomed to
malice ;

A girl with a presence superb as her name,
And charmingly fitted for love—in a palace !

And oft I have wished (for in musing alone
One's fancy is apt to be very erratic)

That the lady might wear—No ! I never will
own

A thought so decidedly undemocratic !—

But *if* 't were a *coronet*—this I 'll aver,

No duchess on earth could more gracefully
wear it ;

And even a democrat, thinking of *her*,

Might surely be pardoned for wishing to
share it !

JOHN G. SAXE.

AURELIA.

WITH gazing on those charms of thine,
My soul grows sad and faint ;

But, turning to Saint Valentine,
Who is a gentle saint,

Said I, the fair Aurelia keeps
Her spirit locked from me :
Oh, show my weary heart the hook
On which she hangs the key !

Her breast is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand ;
Oh, buckle on my spirit's skates,
And take me by the hand !
And lead thou, loving saint, the way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in.

I see the honey on her lip,—
Have pity, saint, on me,
And turn a lonely gentleman
Into a humble-bee.
Why is it that an eye whose light
Should feed but bright-hued petals,
In my poor heart makes only night,
And grows but stinging nettles ?

Whatever men have sung of old
Of Cynthia or Amelia,
Seems flat, and tame, and dull, and cold,
To paint the young Aurelia.
All voices in my dreams seem hers,
And, through my fancies looming,

All other forms put on the form
Of bright Aurelia's blooming.

Help, help, from thee, Saint Valentine !
Bring forth thy strongest spell,
Go boldly to her soul's shut gate,
And ring her spirit's bell,
That she may ope the door at last
Unto my long desire,
And I take up my chair for life
Beside her young heart's fire.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

"Aurelia : A Valentine."

AURORA.

OH, if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost
harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my
rest ;
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy
breast
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

Oh, if thy pride did not our joys control,
What world of loving wonders shouldst thou
see !

For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul ;

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage
shine,
And if that aught mischanced thou shouldst not
moan
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone ;
No, I would have my share in what were thine :

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows
one,
This happy harmony would make them none.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING.

“ To Aurora.”

BABETTE.

UNDER the old régime, Babette,
Do you remember how
We plucked the fragrant violet
And twined the myrtle-bough ?
The myrtle was for love, Babette,
For fond youth's joyous dream !
Can you those happy days forget
Under the old régime ?

Was not the sky a brighter blue,
The birds' song sweeter then ?
Were not the maids more fair and true,
And manlier the men ?
Upon yon warm slope, southward set,
How bent the olives seem !
They were not so of yore, Babette,
Under the old régime.

Under the old régime, Babette,
How light of heart we were !
There were no grass-grown graves as yet
Beneath the sombre fir.
How mournful is the wind's hoarse fret,
How sad the twilight's gleam !
Oh, to be back again, Babette,
Under the old régime !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BARBARA.

THE morn is hanging her fire-fringed veil,
Made of the mist, o'er the walnut boughs,
And Barbara, with her cedar pail,
Comes to the meadow to call the cows.

“The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wrong,”

Says Barbara, and her loving prayer
Takes them up as it goes along.

Gay sings the miller, and Barbara's mouth,
Purses with echoes it will not repeat,
And the rose on her cheek hath a May-day's
growth
In the line with the ending, "I love you,
sweet."

Yonder the mill is, small and white,
Hung like a vapor among the rocks—
Good spirits say to her morn and night,
"Barbara, Barbara ! stay with your flocks."

Stay for the treasures you have to keep,
Cherish the love that you know is true ;
Though stars should shine in the tears you weep
They never would come out of heaven to you.

And were you to follow the violet veins
Over the hills—to the ends of the earth,
Barbara, what would you get for your pains,
More than your true-love's love is worth ?

So, never a thought about braver mills,
Of prouder lovers your dreaming cease ;
A world is shut in among these hills—
Stay in it, Barbara, stay, for your peace !

ALICE CARY.

"Barbara in the Meadow."

BEATRICE.

SO gentle seems my lady and so pure
When she greets any one, that scarce the
eye

Such modesty and brightness can endure,
And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply.

She never heeds, when people praise her
worth,—

Some in their speech, and many with a pen,
But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth
To show another miracle to men.

And such a pleasure from her presence grows

On him who gazeth, while she passeth by,—
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows
Who hath not felt it,—that the soul's repose
Is woke to worship, and a spirit flows

Forth from her face that seems to whisper,
“Sigh !”

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Translated by Thomas William Parsons.

BEATRICE.

I LIE unread, alone. None heedeth me.

Day after day the cobwebs are unswept
From my dim covers. I have lain and slept
In dust and darkness for a century.

An old forgotten volume, I. Yet see !
Such mighty words within my heart are kept
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept
In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping
head,
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,
And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-
tips,
Lifted me up half absently, and read ;
Then kissed the page with sudden tender
lips,
And sighed, and murmured one belovéd
name.

CAROLINE WILDER FELLOWES.

“ A Volume of Dante.”

BELINDA.

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she
wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those ;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends :
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to
hide ;

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

From " The Rape of the Lock."

BELLA.

WHERE the Northern pine-trees sing,
And the crystal torrents spring,
In a warm and dainty nest,
Dwells the maid that I love best,—
Born, as in the Alpine rose,
Blooming in the midst of snows.
Yet, so much she seems to me
Like a dream of Italy,—
Beautiful, serene, and calm,
Opulent with bloom and balm,—
That my heart leaps up to greet her,
Vita della mia vita !

Ah, *carina !* in thine eyes
What miraculous meaning lies !
Ah, what depths of rare romance
Charm me in their eloquent glance,—

Full of wonderful witcheries,
Shadowy, mournful, tender eyes,—
 Yet their mellow midnight seems
 Softly starred with silver dreams ;
Fairest eyes on earth they be,
Marvellous eyes of Italy ;—
 Eyes which make the hours go fleeter,
 Vita della mia vita !

Dreaming, oft again I dwell
In the land I love so well,—
 Where the fruited vineyards lie
 Smiling at the smiling sky,—
And among the graceful shapes
Gathering the clustered grapes,
 Eccolo! she parts the vines,
 And a golden arrow shines
Tipped with sunlight in the rare
Purple blackness of her hair,—
 How my glad heart springs to meet her,
 Vita della mia vita !

Ah, no lovelier maid, I ween,
Roams by Tiber's mellow sheen,
 Or, with lingering footsteps, strays,
 Where the font of Trevi plays,
Or, with heart devoid of ill,
Muses on the Pincian Hill,

Listening to the clear farewells
Of the silvery sunset-bells,
While the roses, one and all,
Nodding from the ivied wall
Blush to find her fair face sweeter,—
Vita della mia vita !

ELIZABETH AKERS.

BELPHŒBE.

I N her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's
light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholders sight ;
In them the blinded god his lustful fyre
To kindle oft assayed, but had no might ;
For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred.
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed ;
All good and honor might therein be red ;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she
spake,

Sweet wordes, like dropping honey, she did
 shed ;
 And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to
 make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate ;
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meeknesse to her bowes ;
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to
 disgrace !

EDMUND SPENSER.

From "The Faery Queen."

BESSIE.

YE ling'ring birds that still rejoice,
 And sing of Edens whence ye came !
 Ye would not sing a note for shame,
 If ye had heard my Bessie's voice.

Ye stainless clouds, whose purple grace
 The sunset heightens with its flush !
 I wonder not that ye should blush
 Since ye have seen my Bessie's face.

Ye stars that tremble in the skies,
Half peering through the lids of Night !
I know by your bedazzled sight
That ye have looked in Bessie's eyes.

Ah, modest Moon that sails the blue !
No wonder that your face grows pale
And hides behind its snowy vail,
When Bessie turns her face on you.

And all ye skies that o'er me roll !
Ye could not show so pure a dome,
If, in its frequent journeys home,
Ye had not felt my Bessie's soul.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

BETTINE.

HER bodice was of scarlet and her petticoat
of grey,

Her wooden shoes—

Oh, who could choose

Shoes daintier than they ?

The crimson of the sunset was flooding all the
air ;

He saw its trace

Along her face

And mid her braided hair.

The glad brook flung its music and the robbins,
fluttering near,

Were twittering low,

And loth to go

Seemed loitering to hear.

He told her that he loved her ; he told her nothing more

Than woods had heard,

In whispered word,

For centuries before.

But the crimson 'neath her lashes, and the
bodice fluttering told

How new each word

The robins heard,

Unknown to her of old.

Oh, many a bodice scarlet ; oh, many a skirt of
grey

And shoes of wood

By brooks have stood

But none as glad as they.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

BIRTHA.

TO Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtba was her name,
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her
grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme ;
And her mind's beauty they would rather
choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have un-
done
With untaught looks, and an unpracticed
heart ;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with
fears ;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin ;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use for tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours ;
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still ;
In autumn, berries ; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dis-
pense,
So were her virtues, busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she
tends,

The busy household waits no less on her ;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks ; and they, when she
does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts
her eyes.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

From "Gondibert."

BLANCH.

BLANCH is adorable and wise
As—glad winds teaching birds to sing ;
Steal thou and gaze deep in her eyes ;—
Such scholars of the starry skies !—
Canst marvel at the thing ?

Nay, Blanch, like some red bud that blows,
Hoards honey in her sunny heart :
Study her smile ; wouldst not suppose
She from some warm, white, serious rose
Had learned the happy art ?

Aye, words that tarry on her tongue
 Fall more than musical thereof :
And why? 'T is this : her soul was strung
A harp at birth to hope that sung,
 Now hope is joined with love.

MADISON CAWEIN.

CÆLI.

I F stars were really watching eyes
 Of angel armies in the skies,
I should forget all watchers there,
And only for your glances care.

And if your eyes were really stars
With leagues that none can mete for bars
To keep me from their longed-for day,
I could not feel more far away !

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

CAROLINE.

GEM of the crimson-colored even,
 Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Belovéd star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose :

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

Oh ! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
Oh bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CASTARA.

LIKE the violet which, alone,
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no ruder eye betray'd ;
For she 's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,—
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant ;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit ;
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands ;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands :
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft virtue splits her mast ;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her frame may anchor cast.
Virtue safely cannot sit
Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
Where sin waits not on delight ;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night :
O'er that darkness whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie ;
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly ;
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

CATHARINA.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again ;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas !)
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charmed by a tone,
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seemed
So tuneful a poet before.

WILLIAM COWPER.

From "Catharina."

CECILIA.

BY the pure spirit in each gaze revealed,
Which from thine eyelid's heavy-fringed
recess
Like those pale fires the meadow-grasses shield,
Subdues the sense, when star-beams mild
caress
The heavy odors from the jasmine flowers
Whose influence of love each swooning gale
o'erpowers ;

By the fair locks, which, like in form and dye
To flecks of golden cloud when day has set,
Clasp the calm twilight of thy brow, and by
The soft sweet smile half mingled with regret,
Like rippling moonlight on an endless sea,
Which seems to lead the gaze into eternity ;

I pray thee tell what secret whisperings
The elves that dwell in the moon's quivering
beams
Have spoken to thee when their viewless wings
Have brushed thy soothéd temples into
dreams,
Or whence hath sprung, amid earth's wilderness,
The secret fountain-head of so much loveliness.

EVELYN DOUGLAS.

CECILY.

I F at the sudden sight of thee
Joy pulses through my brain,
Not love is this ; but I foresee,—
Fair rose, to bloom so fain !—
The peerless woman thou wilt be,
One day, my sweet girl Cecily !

I gaze beyond thy semblance now,
And in that wide-expanding brow,
With archéd eyes of soft blue-gray—
Like the tender dawn of day,—
Trusting eyes, that dare be seen,
Telling pure thoughts,—nothing mean ;
And in thy bearing, firm and mild,
I see the woman through the child.

Like a perfect image, wrought
Only in the sculptor's thought ;
Like a new song, under breath,
 A poet-lover sings ;
Like a late-born butterfly,
 Sunning her moist wings ;
Like a young moon, lit anew ;
Like a glad dream, coming true ;—
All delights too fresh to cloy !—
Like all these art thou, my joy !

CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON

CELIA.

D RINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.

But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And send'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

CELINDA.

WALKING thus towards a pleasant grove,
Which did, it seemed, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite
To give a triumph to their love,—
They stayed at last, and on the grass
Reposéd so as o'er his breast
She bowed her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burden was.
Long their fixed eyes to heaven bent,
Unchanged they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.
“These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
Thy hands again these hands infold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.
Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade ;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.”

EDWARD HERBERT, EARL OF CHERBURY.

CHARLOTTE.

BEHOLD another year succeed !
But, Charlotte, thou hast nought to dread,
Since time will ever beauty spare :
Time knows what 's *perfect*, and well knows,
'T would take him *ages* to compose
Another damsel *half so fair*.

JOHN WOLCOT.

"To Charlotte, on New-Year's Day."

CHLOE.

SINCE Chloe is so monstrous fair,
With such an eye and such an air,
What wonder that the world complains
When she each am'rous suit disdains ?

Close to her mother's side she clings,
And mocks the death her folly brings
To gentle swains that feel the smarts
Her eyes inflict upon their hearts.

Whilst thus the years of youth go by,
Shall Colin languish, Strephon die ?
Nay, cruel nymph ! come choose a mate,
And choose him ere it be too late !

EUGENE FIELD.

From "Echoes from Sabine Farm."

CHRISTIE.

I THINK of her when spirit-bowed ;
A glory fills the place :
Like sudden light on swords, the proud
Smile flashes in my face :
And others see, in passing by,
But cannot understand
The vision shining in mine eye,
My strength of heart and hand.

That grave content and touching grace
Bring tears into mine eyes ;
She makes my heart a holy place
Where hymns and incense rise !
Such calm her gentle spirit brings
As—smiling overhead—
White statued saints with peaceful wings
Shadow the sleeping dead.

Our Christie is no rosy Grace
With beauty all may see,
But I have never felt a face
Grow half so dear to me.
No curling hair about her brows,
Like many merry girls' ;
Well, straighter to my heart it goes
And round it curls and curls.

Meek as the wood-anemone glints
 To see if skies are blue,
 Is my pale flower with her tints
 Of heaven shining thro' !
 She will be poor and never fret,
 Sleep sound and lowly lie ;
 Will live her quiet life, and let
 The great world-storm go by.

GERALD MASSEY.

From " Christie's Portrait."

CLARA.

THE rose that lifts its head to kiss
 The sunbeam glinting there,
 As thy sweet face and ruby lips
 Is not so fair.

As thou art far above the rose,
 Below the sunbeam I,
 And thou canst give the greatest gift
 Beneath the sky.

Oh, canst thou overlook the line
 That separates from me
 The Venus of our Northern clime?—
 For I love thee !

JAMES MEADE ADAMS.

CLARE.

LOVELY, and gentle, and distress'd—
 These charms might tame the fiercest
 breast ;
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Before a virgin, fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From " Marmion."

CLARINDA.

OH ! wot ye how fair Mistress Prue
 Doth purse her lips and frown,
 To see one fleet along the street
 All in a trim new gown ?
 Sing louder, robin, pipe, O wren,
 And, thrush, your quavers dare ;
 Let every throat be vocal when
 Clarinda " takes the air."

She hath a smile that would beguile
 A monk in robe and cowl,
 And yet her eyes can look as wise
 As grave Minerva's owl.

Lo, when she speaks, across her cheeks
The chasing dimples fare,
Oh ! young again I would be when
Clarinda "takes the air."

Nor left nor right her glances light ;
Demurely on she goes ;
In all the wide, wide country-side
There 's not so sweet a rose.
And ye, my gallant gentlemen—
Tut ! tut ! ye should not stare ;
And yet how may ye help it when
Clarinda "takes the air."

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"Clarinda Takes the Air."

CLARISSE.

KISS you ? Wherefore should I, sweet ?
Casual kissing I condemn ;
Other lips your lips will meet
When my kisses die on them.
Should I grieve that this should be ?
Nay, if you will kiss—kiss me !

Love you ? That were vainer still !
If you win my love to-day,
When the morrow comes you will
Lightly laugh that love away.
Should I grieve that this should be ?
Nay, if you must love—love me !

Wherefore play these fickle parts ?
Life and love will soon be done ;
Think you God made human hearts
Just for you to tread upon ?
Will you break them, nor repine ?
If you will, Clarisse, break mine !

FRANK L. STANTON.

CLOE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed ; Euphelia frowned ;
I sung and gazed ; I played and trembled ;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

“An Ode.”

CONSTANCE.

MEANWHILE the child grew
 Into girlhood ; and, like a sunbeam, slid-
 ing through
Her green quiet years, changed by gentle
 degrees
To the loveliest vision of youth a youth sees
In his loveliest fancies ; as pure as a pearl,
And as perfect ; a noble and innocent girl,
With eighteen sweet summers dissolved in the
 light
Of her lovely and lovable eyes, soft and bright !

OWEN MEREDITH.

From "Lucile."

CONSTANCE.

WILLED God to make
 Thee, love, a rose,
Or with thy soul
 Inflame a star ;
How should I quake
 When winds arose,
When westering stole
 The planet far !

But no wild blast
Disturbs thy heart,
Thy spirit's flame
Is bright alway,
Troth ever fast ;
To-day thou art
The very same
As yesterday.

Perennial prove
Thy blossom sweet,
Thy tender glow
Undimmed, while I
May live and love :—
Then fade and fleet,
And tell me so
'T is time to die.

RICHARD GARNETT.

CORA.

THEY will never come back, the bright, beautiful days,
The gladdening days of the glorious spring,
With its blossoming crocus and jessamine sprays
And its verdure that comes o'er the land like
a king :

They are fleeing forever; the freshness and bloom
Of these sun-lighted days of the years of thy
life,

Like dreams dreamt on pillows of precious per-
fume

They fade ere thou knowest with what glory
they 're rife.

But say you the summer is coming anon,

Its gardens all flush with ripe beauty and
splendor,

With its harmonies grander than those that are
gone,

With its sunshine more brilliant, its shadows
more tender ?

Dost thou say that its voices are richer in
meaning,

The fruit that is mellow more luscious than
bloom,

The harvest that's golden and ripe for the
gleaning

Worth all of the spring's evanescent perfume ?

Ah ! love—'t is the seed sown in spring-time
that grows

To spangle with blossoms the summer's green
glade ;

'T is the sapling of spring whose maturity
throws

Over summer's hot pulses the cool cloak of
shade ;

And the harvest that 's golden, the fruit that is
red,
And the gushes of song on the summer day's
track,
Are the precious results of a spring that has
sped,
Which will never come back,—which will
never come back.

Say'st thou autumn will come when the summer
is gone,
With the purple and gold that embroider its
glory,
And the song of the vintager greeting the dawn,
While with blood of the grape the winepress
is gory?
Dost thou say that the full-handed autumn can
tender
Such riches as spring-time nor summer e'er
knew,
While the gorgeous skies and the forests of
splendor
Are rarer than roses and richer than dew?

Remember that spring and its sunny caress,
Its welcoming warmth and its fostering
mould,
Is the source of all this that thy autumn can
bless,
Its clusters of purple, its harvests of gold !

For the stalk yielding grain and the grape
yielding wine,
And the fruit-laden orchards old autumn
must lack,
Were it not for the tendrils of spring's early
vine
And the seed of a season that never comes
back.

Then gather now, darling, the delicate bloom
Of the crocus, and jasmine, and clambering
rose ;
Extract from their petals the precious perfume,
Thy life to embalm as it draws to a close ;
Scatter seeds while the days of thy years are but
few,
Broadcast upon intellect's nourishing mould,
That the sunshine of youth and its fostering
dew
May yield thee a harvest of beauty untold.

For the spring-time of youth quickly fadeth
away
And the swift summer perish on time's
sterile shore ;
All the autumn's rich glory fast falls to decay
And winter's chill hillsides are ours—nothing
more.

But if in the seed-time thou 'st planted aright,
For each season of life shall some blessing
arise,
Till the Spring-time Eternal shall bloom on thy
sight,
And thy wandering feet roam the star-sprinkled
skies.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

"Lines to Cora."

CORDELIA.

WHEN winsome fair Cordelia
Down to her garden goes,
The West Wind wafts a courtesy
From every climbing rose ;
He doffs the hollyhocks' gay hats,
And bows the pinks' stiff heads,
Or, with glowing poppy petals,
A dainty pathway spreads—
O West Wind, O West Wind ! Who art so bold
and free,
Who woos my love Cordelia (she takes no heed
of me) ;
I would I were the North Wind, that I might
buffet thee !

She plays upon the spinet, when
The candles are alight ;
And rising, gayly crosses there
The oaken hallway bright ;
Against the broidered tapestry
Dances her silhouette,
As, with an unseen cavalier,
She treads the minuet.

Cordelia, sweet Cordelia, I prythee, cease thy
jest ;
I love thy very shadow, dear, and surely, it were
best,
To flout me not, but wed me now, and give my
spirit rest.

The gleaming silver candlesticks
Reflect her mocking smile,
And silken downcast lashes, too ;
Then ponders she, awhile,
“ But, ’t is thou who art my shadow,
Who always followest me ;
Narcissus-like, thou lovest thyself ! ”
(She laughs right merrily)—

“ Alas,” I cry, “ Cordelia, and dost thou bid me
go ? ”
Makes answer sweet Cordelia, “ Thy wit is
somewhat slow,
But ne’erless, thou mayest yet, of hope, a
shadow know.”

NANCY MANN WADDLE.

“ Her Shadow.”

CORINNA.

GET up, get up for shame! The blooming
morn

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair

Fresh-quilted colors through the air :

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see

The dew-bespangled herb and tree !

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the
east,

Above an hour since, yet you not drest ;

Nay ! not so much as out of bed ;

When all the birds have matins said,

And sung their thankful hymns : 't is sin,

Nay, profanation, to keep in,

When as a thousand virgins on this day

Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen

To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and
green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair :

Fear not ; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you :

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some Orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,

And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth ! Wash, dress, be brief in
praying :
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimm'd with trees ! see
how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch ! each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?
Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

There 's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and
cream,
Before that we have left to dream :

And some have wept and woo'd, and plighted
troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given ;

Many a kiss, both odd and even :

Many a glance, too, has been sent

From out the eye, love's firmament :

Many a jest told of the key's betraying

This night, and locks pick'd : yet we 're not a-
Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,

And take the harmless folly of the time !

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run

As fast away as does the sun.

And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,

Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then, while time serves, and we are but de-
caying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let 's go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

"Corinna's Maying."

CRESEIDE.

A MONG these other folke was Creseida,
In widowes habite black ; but natheless
Right as our first letter is now a,
In beautie first so stood she matchless,
Her goodly looking gladded all the prees,
Was never seene thing to be praised so dere,
Nor under cloude blacke so brighte starre.

Creseide meane was of her stature,
Thereto of shape, of face and eke of chere,
There might ben no fairer creature,
And ofte time this was her manere,
Sou gone ytressed with her haires clere
Downe by her colere at her back behind,
Which with a thred of gold she woulde bind.

And save her browes joyneden yfere,
There nas no lacke, in aught I can espie ;
But for to speken of her eyen clere,
So, truly they written that her seien,
That Paradis stood formed in her eien,
And with her riche beauty evermore
Strove love in her, aie which of hem was more.

She sobre was, eke simple, and wise withall,
The best ynorished eke that might bee,
And goodly of her speche in generall,

Charitable, estately, lusty and free,
Ne nevermore ne lacked her pitee,
Tender hearted sliding of corage,
But truly I cannot tell her age.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

From "Troilus and Creseide."

CYNTHIA.

DO not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies ;
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night !

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curled hair ;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more !

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Apennine ;
Lest, if there be like cold and frost,
The lily be for ever lost !

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes ; lest, it being suppress,
No spices grow in all the East !

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of Gods rejoice ;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing !

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse,
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips ;
Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth !

Do not conceal a beauty, grace
That 's either in thy mind or face ;
Lest Virtue overcome by Vice
Make men believe no Paradise.

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON.

“To Cynthia, on Concealment of her Beauty.”

DAISY.

WOULD I might keep thee ever from the
storm
And threat of storm, from peril of the brink
And fall therefrom ; from even the subtlest
link
Of joy with joylessness ; from all earth's swarm
Of mockeries pitiless and multiform ;
Make from thy pathway every danger shrink,

Give thy sweet lips but happy cups to drink,
My own hopes pledge to keep thine warm and
bright.

Alas ! I may not share thy peace nor strife ;

To me 't is not vouchsafed to give nor guard,
But in my soul great love for thee is rife,

And so my night is beautifully starred,
For it is written on the heights of life,
Love is its own exceeding great reward.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

DAISY.

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six feet out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill,
On the breath of the distant surf !

The hills look over on the South,
And the southward dreams the sea,
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gores the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine ;
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way ;
But there 's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day !

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray,
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !
She gave me tokens three,
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end ;
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose !

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way ;
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in others' pain
And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

DAPHNE.

A GENTLE look of sweet surprise
In Daphne's eyes.
Golden fetters which do not spare
In Daphne's hair.
Of the rosy blush, I dare not speak,
On Daphne's cheek.
A winning smile, like the warm, warm South,
Around her mouth.
A little dimple, my heart to win,
In Daphne's chin.
A dainty gesture of command,
In Daphne's hand.
These are the charms which to my love belong,
And hence my song.

MAY PORTER.

DELIA.

HER sparkling eyes are like two drops of dew
That twinkle under summer skies of blue,
Her cheeks like lilies flushed by dawn of day,
Her sweet mouth sweeter than the month of
May ;
Her little blue-veined feet, so soft, so swift,
That from the earth her figure seem to lift,

So white, so airy, free from spot and stain,
 Are like the doves that wafted Cupid's wain ;
 Her bosom 's like the cloud by morning spun,
 Decked in the roses of the rising sun,
 And on her swelling, gently-heaving breast
 White-wingéd Love hath built his happy nest.

No other maiden lives in hut or hall,
 Nor ever breathed since Eve's and Adam's fall,
 To vie with her in gentleness and grace ;
 And she outshines them with her lovely face,
 As gladsome summer, warm with fragrant
 flowers,
 Outshines cold autumn's gaudy, lifeless bowers,
 As radiant stars in jewelled skies outshine
 The stony gems set in a chilly mine.

WALTER MALONE.

DELIA.

U^NTO the boundless ocean of thy beauty
 Runs this poor river, charged with streams
 of zeal,
 Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
 Which here my love, my youth, my plaints
 reveal.

Here I unclasp the book of my charged soul,
 Where I have cast the accounts of all my
 care ;
 Here have I summed my sighs, here I enroll
 How they were spent for thee : look what
 they are !
 Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
 And see how just I reckon with thine eyes !
 Examine well thy beauty with my truth,
 And cross my cares ere greater sums arise !
 Read it, sweet Maid ! though it be done but
 slightly :
 Who can show all his love doth love but
 lightly.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

DIANA.

I LOVE thee all the more that thou dost prove
 So all unmoved by all proffered love ;
 For not thy fault but ours it is, when we,
 Poor sons of Adam, bend the suppliant knee,
 That thou hast ne'er an answer to our sigh.
 E'en in the virginal calmness of thine eye
 (As some great lake which in its quietest sleep
 Mirrors all heaven within its infinite deep)
 I read the secret passion of great love,

That might have been did men more worthy
prove.

And I do love thy high-souled purity,
And I am well content that thou shouldst be
Too pure, too proud, to stoop to such as we.

WILSON K. WELSH.

DIANEME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives,—yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air :
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty 's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

DOLLIE.

SHE sports a witching gown
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is shy ;
But there 's mischief in her eye,
She 's a flirt !

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
Of a shoe ;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
In the dew.

'T is rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough !
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
Past belief :
They hint that she 's a cat,
And delightful things like that
In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare !
But what does Dollie care
When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
Little rose ?

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

DORA.

I CAN like a hundred women,
I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
Worship and adore.
Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy ;
Dora fills my soul.

Dainty doves are doves of Venus,
(Plumy, soft delight),
But my dove (O wonder !), Dora,
Hath an eagle's might.
Doves are pretty, doves are stupid,
But who Dora loves
Finds Minerva masqued in Cupid,
Strength in downy doves.

Like the sun's face brightly dancing
On the shimmering sea,
But, like Ocean, deep is Dora,
Strong, and fair, and free.
Chirping like a gay Cicala
In a sunny bower,
But a Muse in that Cicala
Sings with thoughtful power.

Like a beck that bickers blithely
Down the daisied lea,
So her bright soul bursts and blossoms
In spontaneous glee.
Full of gamesome show is Dora ;
But behind the scene
Sits the lofty will of Dora
Thronéd like a queen.

Lovely marvel ! oak and lily
From one root came forth,
Twined in leafy grace together
At my Dora's birth.
Mellow Eve, and bright Aurora,
Sober Night, and Noon,
Dwell, divinely blent, in Dora,
To a jarless tune.

I can like a hundred women,
I can love a score,
Only one with heart's devotion
Worship and adore.
Mary, Jessie, Lucy, Nancy,
With a fine control
Hold my eye or stir my fancy ;
Dora fills my soul.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

DORINDA.

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave :
'T is free, it vows, from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 't was meant,
And let the giver live,
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

DORIS.

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd maiden :
Her crook was laden with wreathéd flowers ;
I sat and wooed her through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer roses of rare perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed and heark-
ened
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger :
She said, " We linger ; we must not stay ;
My flock 's in danger, my sheep will wander :
Behold them yonder—how far they stray ! "

I answered bolder, " Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore ;
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling ;
Ah ! stay, my darling, a moment more. "

She whispered, sighing : " There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day ;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded, and sent away. "

Said I, denying : " If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home ;
And well rewarded by friends and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come. "

" They might remember, " she answered meekly,
" That lambs are weakly and sheep are wild ;
But if they love me 't is none so fervent ;
I am a servant, and not a child. "

Then each hot ember glowed within me,
And love did win me to swift reply :
" Ah ! do but prove me, and none shall bind
you
Nor fray nor find you, until I die. "

She blushed and started, and stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine ;
But I did brave them—I told her plainly
She doubted vainly ; she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally the nibbling ewes ;
And homeward drave them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming
dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her—
My Doris tender, my Doris true :
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
With love excelling and undefiled ;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

DOROTHY.

DOROTHY is debonair ;
Little count hath she or care' ;
All her gold is in her hair.

And the freshness of the Spring
Round this old world seems to cling
When you hear her laugh or sing.

On her sunny way she goes ;
Much she wonders—little knows
Love 's as yet a folded rose.

All her smiles in dimples die ;
Glad is she, nor knows she why
Just to live is ecstasy !

Lightly lie the chains, methinks,
That have daisies for their links ;
Youth 's the fount where Pleasure drinks.

.
Dorothy is debouair ;
Little count hath she or care,
Sunshine in her heart and hair.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DULCINEA.

SIMPLE am I, I care no whit
For pelf or place,
It is enough for me to sit
And watch Dulcinea's face ;
To mark the lights and shadows flit
Across the silver moon of it.

I have no other merchandise,
 No stocks or shares,
 No other gold but just what lies
 In those deep eyes of hers ;
 And, sure, if all the world were wise,
 It too would bank within her eyes.

I buy up all her smiles all day,
 With all my love,
 And sell them back, cost price, or, say,
 A kiss or two above ;
 It is a speculation fine,
 The profit must be always mine.

The world has many things, 't is true,
 To fill its time,
 Far more important things to do
 Than making love and rhyme ;
 Yet, if it asked me to advise,
 I 'd say—buy up Dulcinea's eyes !

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

“Love's Exchange.”

ÆARINÉ.

SAINT VALENTINE kindles the crocus,
 Saint Valentine wakens the birds ;
 I would that his power could evoke us
 In tender and musical words !

I mean, us unconfident lovers,
Whose doubtful or stammering tongue
No help save in rhyming discovers ;
Since what can't be said may be sung.

So, Fairest and Sweetest, your pardon
(If no better welcome) I pray !
There 's spring-time in grove and in garden ;
Perchance it may breathe in my lay.

I think and I dream (did you know it?)
Of somebody's eyes, her soft hair,
The neck bending whitely below it,
The dress that she chances to wear.

Each tone of her voice I remember,
Each turn of her head, of her arm ;
Methinks, had she faults out of number,
Being hers, they were certain to charm.

From her every distance I measure ;
Each mile of a journey, I say—
“ I 'm so much the nearer my treasure,”
Or “ so much the farther away.”

And love writes my almanac also ;
The good days and bad days occur,
The fasts and the festivals fall so,
By seeing or not seeing her.

Who know her, they 're happy, they only ;
 Whatever she looks on turns bright ;
 Wherever she is not, is lonely ;
 Wherever she is, is delight.

So friendly her face that I tremble,
 On friendship so sweet having ruth ;
 But why should I longer dissemble ?
 Or will you not guess at the truth ?

And that is—dear Maiden, I love you !
 You sweetest and brightest and best !—
 Good-luck to the roof-tree above you,
 The floor where your footstep is press'd !

May some new deliciousness meet you
 On every new day of the Spring ;
 Each flow'r in its turn bloom to greet you,
 Lark, mavis, and nightingale sing !

May kind vernal powers in your bosom
 Their tenderest influence shed !
 May I when the rose is in blossom
 Enweave you a crown, white and red !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

“To Æärinè.”

EDITH.

SHE—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Not dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy,
Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

From "Aylmer's Field."

EDITH.

BY those blue eyes that shine
Dovelike and innocent,
Yet with a lustre to their softness lent,
By the chaste fire of guileless purity,
And by the rounded temple's symmetry ;
And by the auburn locks, disposed apart,
(Like Virgin Mary's pictured o'er the shrine)
In simple negligence of art ;

By the young smile on lips whose accents fall
 With dulcet music, bland to all,
 Like downward floating blossoms from the trees
 Detached in silver showers by playful breeze ;
 And by the cheek, ever so purely pale,
 Save when thy heart with livelier kindness
 glows ;

By its then tender bloom, whose delicate hue
 Is like the morning's tincture of the rose,
 The snowy veils of the gossamer mist seen
 through ;

And by the flowing outline's grace,
 Around thy features like a halo thrown,
 Reminding of that noble race
 Beneath a lovelier heaven in kindlier climates
 known,

Whose beauty, both the moral and the mortal,
 Stood at perfection's portal
 And still doth hold a rank surpassing all com-
 pare

By the divinely meek and placid air
 Which witnesseth so well that all the charms
 It lights and warms,

Though but the finer fashion of the clay
 Deserve to be adored, since they
 Are emanations from a soul allowed

Thus radiantly to glorify its dwelling
 That goodness like a visible thing avowed,
 May awe and win, and temper and prevail :

And by all these combined !
 I call upon thy form ideal,
 So deeply in my memory shrined,
 To rise before my vision, like the real,
 Whenever passion's tides are swelling,
 Or vanity misleads, or discontent
 Rages with wishes, vain and impotent.
 Then, while the tumults of my heart increase,
 I call upon thy image—then to rise
 In sweet and solemn beauty, like the moon,
 Resplendent in the firmament of June,
 Through the still hours of night to lonely
 eyes.
 I gaze and muse thereon, and tempests cease—
 And round me falls an atmosphere of peace.

FRANCESCA CANFIELD.

ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,
 Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
 High in her chamber up a tower to the east
 Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot ;
 Which first she placed where morning's earliest
 ray
 Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam ;
 Then fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
 A case of silk, and braided thereupon

All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day
Leaving her household and good father, climbed
That eastern tower, and entering barred her
door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where : this cut is
fresh ;
That ten years back ; this dealt him at Caer-
lyle ;
That at Caerleon ; this at Camelot :
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there !
And here a thrust that might have killed, but
God
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy
down,
And saved him : so she lived in fantasy.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

“Idyls of the King.”

ELEANORA.

AS the light of a star is found,
By day, in the sunless ground,
Where the river of silence lies,—
So the spirit of beauty dwells,
O love, in the mimic wells
Of thy large, thy luminous eyes.

As out of a turbulent night,
A lost bird turns to the light
Of a desolate dreamer's room,—
So, forth from the storm of thine eyes,
A passionate splendor flies
To my soul, through the inter-gloom.

As a lily quivers and gleams,
All night, by the darkling streams,
That dream in the underlands,—
So, up from the haunted lakes
Of thy shadowy eyes, Love shakes
The snows of her beck'ning hands.

As clusters of new worlds dawn,
When the infinite night comes on,
In the measureless, moonless skies—

So the planet of love burns high,
O sweet, when the day sweeps by,
In the dusk of thy orient eyes.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

“The Eyes of Eleanora.”

ELEÄNORE.

I.

THY dark eyes open'd not,
Nor first revealed themselves to English
air,
For there is nothing here,
Which, from the outward to the inward brought,
Moulded thy baby thought.
Far off from human neighborhood,
Thou wert born, on a summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights, and floating shades :
And flattering thy childish thought
The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

2.

Or the yellow-banded bees,
Thro' half-open lattices
Coming in the scented breeze,
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens
cull'd—
A glorious child, dreaming alone,
In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,
With the hum of swarming bees
Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

3.

Who may minister to thee?
Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
On golden salvers, or it may be,
Youngest Autumn, in a bower
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
Of fragrant trailers, when the air

Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the Even,
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere,
Eleänore !

4.

How may full-sail'd verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleänore ?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore ?
Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleänore,
And the steady sunset glow,
That stays upon thee ? For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single :
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer, in one shrine,
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore
Drawn from each other mellow-deep ;
Who may express thee, Eleänore ?

5.

I stand before thee, Eleänore ;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. I would I were
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,
Gazing on thee forevermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore !

6.

Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awakened, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,
I cannot veil, or droop my sight,
But am as nothing in its light ;
As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,

Ev'n while we gaze on it,
Should slowly round his orb, and slowly grow
To a full face, there like a sun remain
Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it was before ;
So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleänore.

7.

As thunder-clouds, that, hung on high,
Roof'd the world with doubt and fear,
Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,
Grow golden all about the sky ;
In thee all passion becomes passionless,
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,
Losing his fire and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight,
And luxury of contemplation :
As waves that up a quiet cove
Rolling slide, and lying still
Shadow forth the banks at will :
Or sometimes they swell and move,
Pressing up against the land,
With motions of the outer sea :
And the self-same influence
Controlleth all the soul and sense
Of Passion gazing upon thee.

His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love,
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings, regarding thee,
And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore.

8.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses uncon-
fined,
While the amorous, odorous wind
Breathes low between the sunset and the
moon ;
Or, in a shadowy saloon,
On silken curtains half reclined ;
I watch thy grace ; and in its place
My heart a charmed slumber keeps,
While I muse upon thy face ;
And a languid fire creeps
Thro' my veins to all my frame,
Dissolvingly and slowly : soon
From thy rose-red lips MY name
Floweth ; and then, as in a swoon,
With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my color, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest
life.

I die with my delight, before
I hear what I would hear from thee ;
Yet tell my name again to me,
I *would* be dying evermore,
So dying ever, Eleänore.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

ELECTRA.

MY Love too stately is to be but fair,
Too fair she is for naught but stateliness ;
She bids me Nay, and yet a silent Yes
Dwells in the dusk her shadowy eyelids wear.
My Love's step makes a music in the air,
Touching the sense with a divine caress,
And all the rapture of the dawn doth bless
The light that leaps to life across her hair.

Her mouth is just the love-couch for a song,
And 'mid the fragrance of its riven flowers
Low laughter breakes and trembles close
to tears,
Mingled of mirth and melody, as a throng
Of bird-notes wakes to joy the drowsy hours
And weaves delight through all the griev-
ing years.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

ELFRIDA.

THE rows of corn like plumèd knights
 Stood up to guard the farmer's daughter,
And shook and rustled mockingly
 The while that love and I besought her.

"Ah, love!" I cried, "your heavenly eyes,
 Your golden hair, my sweet Elfrida,
Have set a snare to catch my heart,
 And brought me here a special pleader.

"Now how much love have you to spare?"
 She laughed a laugh like running water;
"Say, how much for the eyes and hair,
 And how much for the farmer's daughter?"

Her voice rang out so eerily,
 She tripped away so feat and airy,
I said: "Now did they name you right,
 And are you half an elf or fairy?"

"In sooth," she laughed, "we're all akin.
 The squirrel is my younger brother;
The bird and bee make love to me
 So well, I laugh at any other.

"Go! take a lesson of the brook
 That woos the tree-top to embrace it;
Go! ask the robin on his nest
 How he persuades his mate to grace it.

“ *They* do not bungle, like a man,
They know a thousand sweet love-phrases;
But *you*, you laud her eyes and hair,
And woo a maiden with cheap praises.

“ Go ! study how to win a soul !
The art will well repay your learning.”
She turned and through the corn rows sped,
My longing vision scarce discerning,

Which were her curls of golden floss,
And which the corn-stalks’ yellow tassels;
I only know they held her safe
From touch of mine, like trusty vassals.

MARY CHASE PECKHAM.

ELISE.

WOULD I could write for my Elise
Trim triolets and tensons tender,
And send them by the passing breeze !
Would I could write for my Elise
Rhymes that might touch and tease and please,
And make her think upon the sender !
Would I could write for my Elise
Trim triolets and tensons tender !

Sweets to the sweet ! O honey-bees

Go, pillage all the woodland bowers !

Go, plunder all the broidered leas ;

Sweets to the sweet ! O honey bees

Forget your hives, to my Elise

Bring the sweet spoils of sweetest flowers !

Sweets to the sweet ! O honey-bees

Go, pillage all the woodland bowers !

In her fair garden, my Elise

Sits murmuring an ancient lay,

Of lover's woes and lover's ease.

In her fair garden, my Elise

Sings, and lest her sweet song should cease,

The bird is silent on the spray.

In her fair garden, my Elise

Sits murmuring an ancient lay.

The winter wind moans through the trees,

No sweet bird sings, the fields are sere,

The flowers are dead ; the winters freeze,

The winter wind moans through the trees ;

But by the bower of my Elise

The summer lingers all the year.

The winter wind moans through the trees,

No sweet bird sings, the fields are sere.

HENRY GAËLYN.

" To Elise."

ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover !
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart ?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
The offence is loving thee :
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die !
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gies to me.

ROBERT BURNS.

"Fair Eliza."

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH, alack, Elizabeth !

Your lovely lilies blow,
Slim, love, still, love, beside the echoing stair.
The bees have found them out. Row after
row

Your pinks, those little blossoms with a breath
Blown from the east, and out the spice-trees
there,

Nod up the paths ; and roses white as death,
And roses red as love, grow everywhere ;
For June is at the door.

Alack, alack, alack, Elizabeth !
Sweeter than June, why do you come no more ?

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

ELIZABETH.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light ;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,

Thinking your passion 's understood
By your weak accents ; what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the Rose is blown ?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

“ To Elizabeth of Bohemia.”

ELLA.

OF all the blooming ones of Nisitisit,
I fain would ask thee, Ella dear, why is it
That one alone seems fair ?
That when a hundred eyes are round me beam-
ing,
Enough to set a frozen stoic dreaming,
I only ask a pair ?

Was there but one so made to be admired?
Was there but one so formed to be desired,
And hold a heart in thrall?
Not the rose only charms me 'mid the flowers,
When gentle Flora leads me through her
bowers,
But I must love them all.

But when I stand amid earth's fairest creatures,
Then Rosa's, Hinda's, and Miranda's features
To me are all the same;
And queen-like Evelyn, whose eye-beam flashes
Such floods of lustre through her silken lashes,
Excites in me no flame.

But yet 't is not that brightest charms are
wanting,
For others gaze and think them most enchant-
ing,
Howe'er they seem to me.
Nor shall it be that I myself am stupid,
Oh! no, 't is that unchristian villain, Cupid,
So blinds me I can't see.

But there is one I wish forever near me,
Whose eyes of gentle light so soothe and cheer
me,
And through my spirit dart
That oft for hours I linger round about her,

And feel as if I could not do without her,
Then going, leave my heart.

Ask you her name? Alas, within my bower
I only utter it at twilight hour,—
Too pure for other light.
So spare me now, sweet Ell, and I will wreathe
it
In flowers for thee hereafter that shall breathe it
In fragrance and delight.

HENRY H. SAUNDERSON.

ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face :
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The listener held his breath to hear !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From " The Lady of the Lake."

ELLEN.

O F wealth in profusion
I seek not to share ;
It brings but confusion,
With trouble and care.
One gem that is rarest
I seek to obtain :
O bring me my dearest—
My Ellen again !

Her eyes are the brightest
In lustre and hue ;
Her step is the lightest
That brushes the dew ;
She smiles like the blossom
Expanding in rain—
O give to this bosom
My Ellen again !

All objects in nature
Attractive or fair
Recall every feature—
Her form and her air ;
But morning is lonely—
The evening how vain !
O bring to me only
My Ellen again !

I loved her from childhood,
And cannot forget,
By streamlet and wildwood,
The spots where we met.
Ye powers bending o'er me,
O listen my strain—
In safety restore me
My Ellen again !

ROBERT WHITE.

ELSIE.

ELSIE, Elsie, sweet Adair ;
Hail you from the upper air ?
Graceful as the fabled fairy
In your silken robes so airy ;
With the mellow music swaying ;
While the colored lights are playing
On the vision transitory ;

'T is a picture out of glory ;
For with angels you compare,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair ;
With a smile so debonair ;
Graceful as the waving willow,
Or the rolling, dancing billow ;
Turning, twisting, swinging, bending ;
Every charm on thee attending,
With such melody of motion,
One cannot resist the notion :
Hearts are broke beyond repair,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

Elsie, Elsie, have a care,
Somersaulting in the air !
Lucky worm whose gorgeous spinning
Robes the dancing maid so winning ;
While the silken wings go whirling,
Fold on fold, in rapture curling ;
Deeming it a pleasant duty
To enfold such grace and beauty.
Chaste and charming thing of air,
Elsie, Elsie, sweet Adair !

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

“ Elsie Adair.”

EMILY.

TRIPPING along through the meadow,
Footsteps so graceful and light,
Golden curls floating around her,
Blue eyes bewitchingly bright,
White teeth, and lips like twin cherries,
Cheeks like the roses in May,
Tripping along through the meadow,
Comes pretty Emily Grey—
Golden-haired Emily, cherry-lipped Emily,
Beautiful Emily Grey.

See ! Now she pauses to listen.
What has the dear maiden heard ?
'T was but the leaves, as they rustled
'Neath the light wings of a bird.
Nay, 't was a footstep approaching,
Somebody coming this way—
Hark ! “ Won't you wait for me, Emily ?
Wait for me, Emily Grey.
Listen, dear Emily—stay, darling Emily,
Mischievous Emily Grey.”

Shaking her bright curls, she hastens
Onward as fleet as the wind,
Never once stopping a moment,
Only once glancing behind ;

Till a strong arm, stealing around her
 Forces her footsteps to stay.
 Fain would she chide, but she cannot—
 Kind-hearted Emily Grey.
 Fleet-footed Emily, light-hearted Emily,
 Dear little Emily Grey.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

“Emily Grey.”

EMMA.

WHY, pretty rogue! do you protest
 The trick of stealing you detest?
 'T is what your doing every day,
 Either in earnest or in play.
 Cupid and you, 't is said, are cousins,
 (*Au fait* in stealing hearts by dozens)
 Who make no more of shooting sparks,
 Than schoolboys do of wounding larks;
 Nay, what is worse, 't is my belief,
 Though known to be an arrant thief,
 Such powers of witchcraft are your own,
 That Justice slumbers on her throne;
 And should you be arraign'd in court
 For practising this cruel sport,
 In spite of all the plaintiff's fury
 Your smile would bribe both judge and jury.

LADY BURRELL.

ESSIE.

SEE, Essie goes !—and thou, proud rose,
 Ah, where is now thy vain delight,
 When round thee swung you bee and sung,
 No beauty matched thy beauty bright?

Adown the close—see, Essie goes ;
 And see, enchanted at the sight,
 Around her swings yon bee and sings,
 Her beauty mocks thy beauty bright !

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

“See, Essie Goes !”

ESTELLE.

NO god were so supremely blest,
 Could I my weary sorrows rest,
 Upon thy tender-breathing breast,
 Estelle.

Culling the rainbow's loveliest rays
 To deck with brightest flowers thy praise,
 The burden of immortal lays,
 Estelle.

Watching thy words in music flow,
 Thy frolic glances kindlier grow,
 Thy smiles their changing sunshine show,
 Estelle.

Wearing thy soft arms' rosy wreath,
Drinking thy hyacinthine breath,
Through blissful life to blissful death,
Estelle.

Happy my life's sweet labor done,
To see thy name the proudest one
That fame has carved upon the sun,
Estelle.

WILLIAM T. WASHBURN.

ESTHER.

FOR Esther was a woman most complete
In all her ways of loving. And with me
Dealt as one deals who careless of deceit
And rich in all things is of all things free.
She did not stop with me to feel her way
Into my heart, because she all hearts knew,
But, like some prodigal heir of yesterday
Just in possession, counted not her due
And grandly gave. O brave humility!
O joy that kneels! O pride that stoops to tears!
She spent where others had demanded fee,
Served where all service had of right been hers,
Casting her bread of life upon love's ways,
Content to find it after many days.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

ETHEL.

WHAT hast thou seen in Ethel's tender
eyes?

An altar sacred as Dodona's shrine?

Or canst thou in their darkling depths divine

A host of vague and subtle mysteries,

A witching power that never latent lies,

But warms the blood like rare Falernian
wine—

A lustrous gleam as from the stars that shine

At frosty midnight in the sapphire skies?

Ah! I have found them beaming beacon lights

Upon the shore where grim Temptation
stands,

Guiding my feet away from rocky heights,

And warning me against engulfing sands;

Leading me onward toward the pure delights

That wait for those who follow love's com-
mands.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"Discovery."

ETHEL.

“**I**N teacup times !” The style of dress
 Would suit your beauty, I confess ;
 Belinda-like, the patch you ’d wear ;
 I picture you with powdred hair,—
 You ’d make a charming Shepherdess !

And I—no doubt—could well express
 Sir Plume’s complete conceitedness,—
 Could poise a clouded cane with care
 “ In teacup times ! ”

The parts would fit precisely—yes :
 We should achieve a great success !
 You should disdain, and I despair,
 With quite the true Augustan air ;
 But . . . could I love you more, or less,—
 “ In teacup times ? ”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

“ A Rondeau to Ethel.”

ETHELWYN.

SHE came with light steps thro’ the old house
 door,
 With music on her lips and in her feet
 And all about her a most airy grace,

That made one think of a young day in spring
 When earth and leaf and sky are exquisite
 In the first rapture of their tender life. . . .
 A sunbeam kissed her cheek, at her soft breast
 White roses clung, and sweet fresh sights and
 sounds
 Breathed from her as she moved, and thro' the
 door
 The sunlight crept and stole about her robe
 As though it loved her. . . . As she came
 she sang
 A quaint old song that hearing it by chance
 Had caught her fancy.

HELEN MATHERS.

From "The Token of the Silver Lily."

ETTARRE.

LARGE her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
 A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,
 And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,
 And slender was her hand and small her shape,
 And but for those large eyes, the haunts of
 scorn,
 She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with,
 And pass and care no more.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

From "Pelleas and Ettarre."

EUGENIA.

WHAT pearl of price within her lay
I could not know when first I met her
So little studious for herself,
Almost she ask'd we should forget her :
As the rose-heart at prime of dawn,
Herself within herself withdrawn :
And yet we felt that something there
Was fairer than the fairest fair.

I mark'd her goings through the day,
Intent upon her maiden mission :
The manners moulded on the mind ;
The flawless sense, the sweet decision.
So gracious to the hands she task'd,
She seems to do the thing she ask'd :
And then I knew that something there
Was fairer than the fairest fair.

Her eyes spoke peace ; and voice and step
The message of her eyes repeated ;
Truth halo-bright about her brows,
And Faith on the fair forehead seated,
And lips where Candor holds his throne,
And sense and sweetness are at one :
I look and look ; and something there
Is fairer than the fairest fair.

As some still upward-gazing lake
Round which the mountain-rampart closes
Crystalline bright and diamond pure,
In azure depth of peace reposes ;
And Heaven comes down with all its grace
To find itself within her face ;
And the heart owns that something there
Is fairer than the fairest fair.

“ O just and faithful child of God !
Thrice happy he,” I cried, “ who by her
Finds in her eyes the home of home,
Reads in her smile his heart’s desire ;
The smile of beauty from above
Of equable and perfect love ! ”
—I sigh’d—she smiled ; and something there
Was fairer than the fairest fair.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

EULALIE.

HER voice is like the mocking-bird’s upon the
myrtle tree,
Her eyes are like the summer stars that frolic on
the sea ;
Oh, ’t is rapture to look at her ; and sets my
heart abeat,
Just to catch the pretty patter of her merry little
feet.

The Fairies spun her tresses on a spindle made
of pearl,
Then dipped them in the summer shine and put
them up in curl ;
And when I see them flutter, as she dances in
the wind,
I wish I were a butterfly, or—something of the
kind.

I know that Cupid did it, and think it was a
sin
To carve a cunning dimple in the middle of her
chin ;
For it is a crime to covet—so says the Law
Divine—
Yet I look at it, and love it, and I want it all for
mine.

She whispers that she loves me ! Now be it
understood,
The tidings are delightful—I 'd believe them if
I could ;
But in *her* vocabulary with its tantalizing flow
The truth will often tarry far behind a “ yes,”
or “ no.”

She smiles at me ! She frowns at me ! She
knows I cannot fly ;

O Cupid come and aid me with an arrow on the
sly,
That when the orange bowers are blowing,
Eulalie
May wear the snowy flowers in a bridal wreath
for me !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

EVA.

O FAIR and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine ;
For so I must interpret still
That sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own ;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“ To Eva.”

EVANGELINE.

FAIR was she to behold, that maiden of seven-
teen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reap-
ers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth
was the maiden,

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chap-
let of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of
blue, and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
 after confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's
 benediction upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceas-
 ing of exquisite music.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From "Evangeline."

EVELYN.

A SOFT, black eye—so deep, so deep,
 Its liquid depths no glance may follow.
 A face where lights and shadows creep
 O'er arching brow and dimpled hollow.

A voice, now loud in maiden glee—
 As tides on pebbly reaches throbbing—
 Now sorrow-hushed as sunset sea
 In purple rays at even sobbing.

Oh, twining hands! Oh, rich, dark sheen
 Of gleaming braids, that crown in glory
 A face as fair as spirits seen
 In ancient books of Bible story.

Oh, Love! Oh, Life! like generous wine—

Like breezes from the streams and mountains—

Thy presence thrills this soul of mine,
Thy glances stir my heart's deep fountains.

Oh, Love! Oh, Life! a rose, a weed,
Touched by thy hand, my peerless beauty,
Is cherished with the miser's greed,
And guarded well in jealous duty.

But though you 've woven, warp and woof,
Into the thread of my life's passion,
I dare not speak, but stand aloof,
And dream and sigh—the olden fashion.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

FANNY.

NATURE, thy fair and smiling face
Has now a double power to bless;
For 't is the glass in which I trace
My absent Fanny's loveliness.

Her heavenly eyes above me shine,
The rose reflects her modest blush,
She breathes in every eglantine,
She sings in every warbling thrush.

That her dear form alone I see,
Need not excite surprise in any ;
For Fanny 's all the world to me,
And all the world to me is Fanny.

JAMES SMITH.

“Song to Fanny.”

FANNY.

“SHE has beauty, but still you must keep
your heart cool ;
She has wit, but you must n't be caught
so” :

Thus Reason advises, but Reason 's a fool,
And 't is not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny,
'T is not the first time I have thought so.

“She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the bliss
fly ;
'T is the charm of youth's vanishing sea-
son” :

Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny ?
Love reasons much better than Reason.

THOMAS MOORE.

FIDESSA.

TONGUE! never cease to sing Fidessa's
praise ;
Heart! howe'er she deserve, conceive the best ;
Eyes! stand amazed to see her beauty's rays ;
Lips! steal one kiss and be for ever blessed ;
Hands! touch that hand wherein your life is
closed ;
Breast! lock up fast in thee thy life's sole
treasure ;
Arms! still embrace, and never be disclosed ;
Feet! run to her without or pace or measure :
Tongue! heart! eyes! lips! hands! breast!
arms! feet !
Consent to do true homage to your Queen :
Lovely, fair, gent, wise, virtuous, sober, sweet,
Whose like shall never be, hath never been !
O that I were all tongue, her praise to show !
Then surely my poor heart were free from woe.

BARTHOLOMEW GRIFFIN.

FLEURETTE.

THE books of each old love-poet
Are warm with the touch of your hand ;
Your voice—the Psyche would know it,
Would feel it and understand,

And thrill in her marble splendor ;
The harp rich music would render,
And the walls re-echo yet
The sweetest of names, Fleurette,
Fleurette !

This oaken nook where you studied
Ofttimes I entwined with flowers,
Here the rose of Hellas budded
In the deep Homeric bowers.
But clearer far than Attic Greek
The name wherewith your heart did speak—
Whose resonance thrills me yet,
As dreaming I hear, Fleurette,
Fleurette !

In your presence, care and aching
Blossomed to exquisite peace ;
In my young heart heaven awaking
Bade Life's vain doubting cease.
Love made me a sheltered bower,
Is it strange I grew like a Tower ?
Ah, the sunlight lingers yet,
And you say, " My own Fleurette,
Fleurette ! "

O land of the poet's vision,
What beauty do you bespeak !
What holds you in fields Elysian
Thrice fairer than dream of Greek !

Through me the long vista of the years,
Only one voice my fancy hears,
Mine when life's last sun is set,
Mine to follow the call, "Fleurette,
"Fleurette!"

FANNY H. RUNNELS POOL.

"In the Library."

FLORA.

O FLORA, sweetest Flora, there were never
smiles like thine,
When the fairest and the purest smiled on
heaven without a stain ;
There was never rapture born so sweet, nor
pleasure so divine
As the pleasure and the rapture brought by
thee from bliss again ;
The starry dawns around thee come to steal
their songs and dyes,
The morning bids thee welcome, for the day
with thee will shine ;
And the golden rays will crown the bower
wherein my blossom lies ;—
O Flora, sweetest Flora, there were never
smiles like thine.

O Flora, sweetest Flora, there were never smiles
 like thine,
 For through my heart and through my heart
 the tides of joy they sway ;
 And o'er my brow and round my steps with
 brighter glow combine
 Than ever cheered the pilgrim's path along
 the cloudless way :
 The dream that thou dost love me is my bosom's
 fairest bloom,
 The dream that thou dost love me with a love
 as deep as mine ;
 With thee to bless me, never could the world
 have grief or gloom ;—
 O Flora, sweetest Flora, there were never
 smiles like thine.

A. STEPHEN WILSON.

FLORENCE.

I F all God's world a garden were,
 If women were but flowers ;
 If men were bees that busied there,
 Through all the summer hours,—
 Oh, I would hum God's garden through
 For honey, till I came to you.

Then I should hive within your hair,
Its sun and gold together :
And I should hide in glory there,
Through all the changeful weather.
Oh ! I should sip but one, this one
Sweet flower beneath the sun.

Oh, I would be a king, and coin
Your golden hair in money ;
And I would only have to seek
Your lips for hoards of honey.
Oh ! I would be the richest king
That ever wore a signet-ring.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FLORINE.

AS knights in olden time went forth to fight
For crowns of war, and won the world's
applause,
Whose echoes told of triumph in a cause
That gave to honor strength, and blessed the
right,
So will I battle but in mortal might,
My sword a song of thee that nations pause
To hear ; my shield my faith in thee, whose
laws
Shall lead the world from darkness into light.

My love for thee shall be my helmet strong.
 Then will I sing the glory of thy name,
 Thy grace, thy beauty and nobility.
 Then will the world find peace in love and
 song
 By thee inspired. The heavens will joy pro-
 claim,
 And laurels won shall bring thee ecstasy.

EDWARD FREIBERGER.

FRANCES.

THOU wouldst be loved?—Then let thy heart
 From its present pathway part not!
 Being everything which now thou art,
 Be nothing which thou art not.
 So with the world thy gentle ways,
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,
 And love—a simple duty.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

“To F—s S. O—d.”

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
 In Beauty's light you glide along:
 Your eye is like the star of eve,

And sweet your Voice, as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow :
Within your soul a Voice there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

GENEVIEVE.

OH, Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely Past !
The rose of youth was dew-impearled ;
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee ;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.
Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may bring me joy or woe,
But still the hands of Memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago,
Sweet Genevieve !

Oh, Genevieve, my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far !
My heart from thee shall never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star !
For me the Past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to me ;
I bless the hour when first we met,—
The hour that gave me love and thee !
Oh, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may bring me joy or woe,
But still the hands of Memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago,
Sweet Genevieve !

GEORGE COOPER.

“Sweet Genevieve.”

GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from
woe,
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow :
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes,—but, Oh !
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low depend-
ing,

The soul of melancholy gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but can not love thee less.

LORD BYRON.

“To Genevra.”

GEORGIANA.

THERE crowd your finely-fibred frame,
All living faculties of bliss ;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
And bending low, with godlike kiss
Breath'd in a more celestial life ;
But boasts not many a fair compeer,
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear ?
And some, perchance, might wage an equal
strife,
Some few, to nobler being wrought,
Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet *these* delight to celebrate
Laurelled War and plummy State ;
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness—

Pernicious Tales ! insidious Strains !
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of Ignorance and Penury !
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the Chapel and the Platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell !
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !
Where learnt you that heroic measure ?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From "Ode to Georgiana, Dutchess of Devonshire."

GERALDINE.

HAS any one seen
My lost Geraldine ?
My beautiful, dutiful, dear Geraldine !
Has she been this way
In the course of the day ?
Tell me truly, ye swains.

You would know Geraldine,
My idolized queen,
By the glimmering, shimmering, silvery sheen

Of her curling hair
As it floats on the air
In the glamouring light.

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

From "Geraldine."

GERALDINE.

*She will not need the Shepherd's crook,
Her griefs are only passing shadow;
She'll bask beside the purest brook,
And nibble in the greenest meadow.*

A simple child has claims
On your sentiment, her name's
Geraldine.

Be tender, but beware,
She's frolicsome as fair,—
And fifteen.

She has gifts to grace allied,
And each she has applied,
And improved :
She has bliss that lives and leans
On loving,—ah, that means
She is loved.

Her beauty is refined
By sweet harmony of mind,
And the art,

And the blessed nature, too,
Of a tender, of a true
 Little heart.

And yet I must not vault
Over any foolish fault
 That she owns ;
Or others might rebel,
And enviously swell
 In their zones.

For she 's tricksy as the fays,
Or her pussy when it plays
 With a string :
She 's a goose about her cat,
Her ribbons and all that
 Sort of thing.

These foibles are a blot,
Still she never can do what
 Is not *nice* ;
Such as quarrel, and give slaps—
As I 've known her get, perhaps,
 Once or twice.

The spells that draw her soul
Are subtle—sad or droll :
 She can show
That virtuose whim
Which consecrates our dim
 Long-ago.

A love that is not sham
For Stothard, Blake, and Lamb ;
And I've known
Cordelia's sad eyes
Cause angel-tears to rise
In her own.

Her gentle spirit yearns
When she reads of Robin Burns ;—
Luckless Bard,
Had she blossom'd in thy time,
Oh, how rare had been the rhyme
—And reward !

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

From "Geraldine."

GERTRUDE.

IT seemed as if those scenes sweet influence
had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their
own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked
upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features
shone,

Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the
last.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's
zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breath the groves, romantic and
alone.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

From "Gertrude of Wyoming."

GERTRUDE.

AS Gertrude skipt from babe to girl,
Her necklace lengthened, pearl by pearl;
Year after year it grew, and grew,
For every birthday gave her two.
Her neck is lovely,—soft and fair,
And now her necklace glimmers there.

So cradled, let it fall and rise,
And all her graces symbolize.
Perchance this pearl, without a speck,
Once was as warm on Sappho's neck ;
Where are the happy, twilight pearls
That braided Beatrice's curls?

Is Gerty loved? Is Gerty loth?
Or, if she's either, is she both?
She's fancy free, but sweeter far
Than many plighted maidens are!
Will Gerty smile us all away,
And still be Gerty? Who can say?

But let her wear her Precious Toy,
And I'll rejoice to see her joy:
Her bauble's only one degree
Less frail, less fugitive than we,
For time, ere long, will snap the skein,
And scatter all her pearls again.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

"Gertrude's Necklace."

GLADYS.

WHEN Gladys treads the minuet
With roses in her hair of jet,
Methinks no flower that ever blows
Is half so lovely as the rose.

In football days she 's wont to wear
Chrysanthemums, and then I swear,
"No flower can be more rich and gay
Than that fair Gladys wears to-day."

And when she kneels with humble air
And murmurs low her Lenten prayer,
With purple violets on her breast,
Why, then I 'm sure I like *them* best.

But if for me she 'll wreathe her hair
With orange blossoms, pure and fair,
I 'll prize, till stars shall cease to shine,
The blooms which make sweet Gladys mine.

DIXIE WOLCOTT.

"My Favorite."

GRACE.

I KNOW not what, but when she lifts her
hand
To point a flower's perfection, with "But see!
How exquisite!" the blossom magically
Assumes a rare, new fragrance, as by wand,
And all the quicken'd sense is forthwith fann'd
With wave on wave of Eden fragrancy.
A subtlety—we may not understand—
Past painter's brush, past poet's minstrelsy.

ORELIA KEY BELL.

GRACIA.

NAY, nay, Antonio! nay, thou shall not
blame her,

My Gracia, who hath so deserted me.
Thou art my friend ; but if thou dost defame her
I shall not hesitate to challenge thee.

“Curse and forget her?” so I might another
One not so bounteous natured or so fair ;
But she, Antonio, she was like no other—
I curse her not, because she was so rare.

She was made out of laughter and sweet kisses ;
Not blood, but sunshine, through her blue
veins ran.

Her soul spilled over with its wealth of blisses—
She was too great for loving but a man.

None but a god could keep so rare a creature—
I blame her not for her inconstancy ;
When I recall each radiant smile and feature,
I wonder she so long was true to me.

Call her not false or fickle. I, who love her,
Do hold her not unlike the royal sun,
That, all unmated, roams the wide world over
And lights all worlds, but lingers not with
one.

If she were less a goddess, more a woman,
And so had dallied for a time with me,
And then had left me, I, who am but human,
Would slay her, and her newer love, may be.

But since she seeks Apollo, or another
Of those lost gods (and seeks him all in vain),
And has loved me as well as any other
Of her men-loves, why, I do not complain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

GRETCHEN.

COY Charmer, often watched, and long,
Come fill my glass with wine ;
You cannot speak our English tongue,
Nor know I aught of thine.

Yet whisper Beauty's eyes to me
The sweetest English spoken,
A tender, wistful melody—
My heart is almost broken.

Fair Gretchen, fill my glass with wine,
And whisper me again
The language of your eyes divine,
Its mingled joy and pain.

WILLIAM T. WASHBURN.

GUINEVERE

SHE seemed a part of joyous Spring ;
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before ;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.
Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set ;
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.
As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
She looked so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

From "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

GWENDALINE.

BLITHE was the minstrel, and bright was his
eye,

It had but one fault—it was looking too high :
And oft as he pass'd by the ivy-clad tower,
His glance was uprais'd to fair Gwendaline's
bow'r ;

He gaz'd at her casement, tho' oft half afraid,
Lest his eye might encounter the proud noble
maid,

For he dar'd not to venture that *she* should per-
ceive

What he trembled to trust his own heart to
believe.

O, blame not the minstrel, if sometimes he
prove

Too freely, too rashly, the victim of love—
The bosom *will* warm, as the love-tale he sings,
And heart answer harp in the deep-throbbing
strings !

And, O, how it throbbed 'neath *his* tremulous
hand,

As the love-tale he sang at his lady's command,
So lovely while listening—O, who that had
seen,

Could blame him for loving the bright Gwen-
daline ?

But what means the pomp of that gay cavalcade?

'T is an earl, in his pride, claims the hand of the maid ;

Away from the castle is Gwendaline borne,
And dark is the brow of the minstrel forlorn ;
But darker the myst'ry that shrouded his way,
For ne'er was he traced from that sad festal day.

One relic alone of the minstrel was seen,
'T was his harp, in the bower of the fair Gwendaline !

SAMUEL LOVER.

“The Fair Gwendaline.”

HAIDEE.

HER brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair ;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were
rolled

In braids behind ; and though her stature
were

Even of the highest for a female mould,

They nearly reached her heels ; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,

As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn ; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same
hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction ; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew :
'T is as the snake late coiled, who pours his
length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low ; her cheek's pure
dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun ;
Short upper lip—sweet lips ! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such ; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all 's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

LORD BYRON.

From "Don Juan," Canto ii.

HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approached my view ;
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam ;
The stranger nodded " How-d'ye-do ? "
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away ;
With me her glowing image stayed ;
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew ;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown ;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

" Rosy Hannah."

HARRIET.

WHOSE is the love that, gleaming through
the world,

Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?

Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?

Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And love mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;

Thou wert the inspiration of my song,

Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love;
And know, though time may change and years
may roll,

Each floweret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

“To Harriet.”

HARRIETT.

HERE at the halfway House of Life I linger,
Worn with the way, a weary-hearted
singer,

Resting a little space ;
And lo ! the good God sends me, as a token
Of peace and blessing (else my heart were
broken),
The sunbeam of thy face.

My fear falls from me like a garment ; slowly
New strength returns upon me, calm and holy ;
I kneel, and I atone—
Thy hand is clasped in mine—we lean together—
Henceforward, through the sad or shining
weather,
I shall not walk alone.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

HEBE.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown
Love in wine ;
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still Love in my
heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, entreating her aid,
Who paused on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd :

Then gravely pronounced, in return to my
prayer,

That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair.

That 's a truth, replied I, I 've no need to be
taught,

I came for your counsel to find out a fault ;

If that 's all, quoth Reason, return as you
came,

For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my
name.

EARL OF DE LA WARRE.

HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand !
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HELEN.

ON Helen's cheek was once a glow,
An arc of dreamland glimpsed below,
A silver-purpled, peachy beauty
In tidal swayings to and fro.

O flush of youth ! outvelveting
The butterfly's Arabian wing !
The very argosies of morning
Bear not from Heaven so rich a thing.

On Helen's cheek a springtide day,
Fragile and wonderful it lay ;
From Helen's cheek these twenty summers
Child-lips have kissed the bloom away.

Nay, Time ! record it not so fast,
The reign of roses overpast ;
All victor-pomps of theirs encircle
A loyal woman to the last.

So true of speech, of soul so free,
Of such a mellowed blood is she,
That girlhood's vision, long evanished,
Rounds never to a memory.

No loss in her love's self describes !
Up-trembling to adoring eyes,
The sweet mirage of youth and beauty
On Helen's cheek forever lies.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

"On Helen's Cheek."

HÉLÈNE.

MORE closely than the clinging vine
About the wedded tree,
Clasp thou thine arms, ah, mistress mine !
About the heart of me.
Or seem to sleep, and stoop your face
Soft on my sleeping eyes,
Breathe in your life, your heart, your grace,
Through me, in kissing wise.
Bow down, bow down your face, I pray,
To me, that swoon to death,
Breathe back the life you kissed away,
Breathe back your kissing breath.
So by your eyes I swear and say,
My mighty oath and sure,

From your kind arms no maiden may
 My loving heart allure.
 I'll bear your yoke, that's light enough,
 And to the Elysian plain,
 When we are dead of love, my love,
 One boat shall bear us twain.
 They'll flock around you, fleet and fair,
 All true loves that have been,
 And you of all the shadows there,
 Shall be the shadow queen.
 Ah, shadow-loves and shadow-lips !
 Ah, while 't is called to-day,
 Love me, my love, for summer slips,
 And August ebbs away.

ANDREW LANG

"À La Belle Hélène" (after Ronsard).

HERMIONE.

THOU hast beauty bright and fair,
 Manner noble, aspect free,
 Eyes that are untouched by care :
 What then do we ask from thee ?
 Hermione, Hermione !

Thou hast reason quick and strong
 Wit that envious men admire,

And a voice, itself a song !

What then can we still desire ?

Hermione, Hermione !

Something thou dost want, O queen !

(As the gold doth ask alloy),

Tears,—amidst thy laughter seen,

Pity,—mingling with thy joy.

*This is all we ask, from thee,
Hermione, Hermione !*

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

HERMIONÉ.

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt :

I have a wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek,
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak ;
She writes a little—for love, not fame ;
Has published a book with a dreary name ;
And yet (God bless her !) is mild and meek.
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal,
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—

Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
 Haunts me and makes me appear so small,
 The only answer that I can see
 Is—I could not have married Hermioné
 (That is her fine wise name), but she
 Stooped in her wisdom and married *me*.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
 Given to romping and jollity ;
 The Latin they thrashed into me at school
 The world and its fights have thrashed away ;
 At figures alone I am no fool,
 And in city circles I say my say.
 But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
 And the kind of study that I think fine,
 Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the *Times*,
 When I lounge, after work, in my easy chair ;
Punch for humor and *Praed* for rhymes,
 And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there
 By the idle breath of the social air.
 A little French is my only gift,
 Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
 Guessing at meanings to flutter over
 A filagree tale in a paper cover.

Hermioné, my Hermioné !

What could your wisdom perceive in me?
 And Hermioné, my Hermioné !

How does it happen at all that we
 Love one another so utterly ?

Well, I have a bright-eyed boy or two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue,
about
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about !
And my lady-wife, with serious eyes,
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I !
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermioné—
Those learnèd lips that the learnèd praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days ;
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men ;
And it never strikes me that I 'm profane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses again,
And, presto ! fly ! goes her wisdom then !
For boy claps hands and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh, the jest !)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth !

And Hermioné, my Hermioné,
Nurses her boy and defers to me ;
Does not seem to see I 'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all !
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermioné, my Hermioné,

In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
 When sporting at night with her boy and me,
 Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
 Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,
 And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
 Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
 And the silly pride in her learned face !

That is the puzzle I can't make out—
 Because I care little for books, no doubt ;
 But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why ;
 For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
 I thank my God she is wise, and I
 The happiest fool that was ever born !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

“Hermioné ; or, Differences Adjusted.”

HESTER.

DIMPLED of cheek and grave of gown,
 A maid of whom this world has dearth,
 She walks the streets of that old town,
 And makes them mellow with her mirth.

The hoary roofs grow young with cheer,
 The windows brighten pane by pane ;
 And haunted by her laughter dear,
 To bud the shrivelled boughs are fain.

The painted ladies of the age,
Flaunt past her over-sweet with musk ;
But she trips on with scent of sage
Blown out some yard at fall of dusk.

These painted dames of Hester's time—
When they are laid by churchyard doors,
She will laugh on in English rhyme,
And she be known on alien shores.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

HETTY.

BEAUTIFUL, distracting Hetty,
This was how it come to be
As we strolled upon the jetty.

I had danced three times with Netty,
She had flirted with Dobree,
Beautiful, distracting Hetty.

I was humming Donizetti,
Hurt was I, and angry she,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

As she levelled her Negretti
With provoking nicety,
Beautiful, distracting Hetty.

Suddenly she flashed a pretty,
Half-defiant glance at me,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

And our quarrel seemed so petty,
By the grandeur of the sea !
Beautiful, distracting Hetty,
As we strolled upon the jetty.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

HILDEGARDE.

YOUNG Hildegarde, beside her cottage door,
Sat at her spinning when the sun was low,
The shadows fell athwart the sauded floor,
The long sun lances set the hills aglow,
While twilight soft wrapt all the vale below.

The little maid her humming wheel forgets ;
Her blue eyes wander from the verdant sward,
Flecked with her own sweet mountain violets,
Swept by the breeze, with sun and shadow
barred,
Far up the mountain side, all seamed and
scarred.

Old grandsire Herman left his easy chair,
To come and stand within the fading light,

He murmured softly, "Earth is very fair ;
How grand the day ! how beautiful the night !
How dear it all is to my failing sight."

Came to these two, as from the cool fresh ground,
The ringing of the convent curfew bell ;
And echo caught it ; waves of silvery sound
Rose to the heights with joyous peal and swell,
Then downward swung to die within the dell.

They stood and watched the sunset's dying
gleam
That lingered on the blue horizon's rim ;
The convent walls, like walls seen in a dream,
Stood half defined, down in the valley dim,
And faintly rose the nun's sweet evening
hymn.

Then Hildegarde, with eyes brim-full of peace,
Folds her brown hands, a smile is on her lips,
"Praise God, O earth, for all thy fair increase ;
Praise Him, each one who of her nectar sips,
And praise Him, ye, down on the sea in ships !"

Too joyful seemed the girl to kneel in prayer,
She stood with face uplifted to the skies ;
She heard a step, and turned with kindly care,
Yet with the enraptured look within her eyes,
Like one who'd caught a glimpse of paradise.

A black-robed sister there beside her stood,
Weary with toiling up the mountain side,
For some poor suffering fellow-creature's good :
 "Ah, Hildegarde," she said, and saying
 sighed,
 "And have I come, again to be denied?"

"Will you not go with me from all these toils,
That nourish but the sinful flesh alone?
While the worn spirit frets with hurts and soils,
And hearts grow colder than the mountain
 stone ;
Come, child, find peace that you have never
 known."

"Nay, Sister Agnes," Hildegarde replied,
 "What is there here to break our quietude?
Peace dwells upon this sunny mountain side,
And in our dear old cot, though plain and
 rude,
None but our friends have ever dared intrude.

"I could not worship God with beads and
 books ;
I could not pray shut in by four stone walls ;
I want the music of the running brooks ;
The whispering leaves ; the birds, with wild
 sweet calls ;
The humming bees, and babbling waterfalls.

“Each summer day seems brighter than the
last ;

Naught is unkind ; the fickle, wand’ring
breeze

Brings odors of the fields that it has passed,
And friends look out from all the gray old
trees ;—

What could be purer, truer than are these ?

“Here grow my vines, and here I’ve planted
flowers ;

And here I feed the merry wild-wood birds

That sing to me through many happy hours ;

Adown yon path go all the flocks and herds ;

They wait, sometimes, to hear my kindly
words.

“And, like a guardian angel, strong to save,
See yonder mound, warm in the sunset’s
glow ;

You know it well, my fair young mother’s
grave ;

You know how brightly there the flowers
blow,

All for the precious heart that lies below.

“And who would my dear grandsire soothe and
cheer ?

My soldier father, lying dead in Spain,

Was all he had. My duty, sure is here ;
And Sister Agnes, I would not complain
If I for gandsire bore a world of pain."

" Yes, Hildegarde, but Herman 's old, and when
He shall no longer need your gentle care,
Ah, child, I daily pray for you, that then,
For every gleam of gold in your brown hair,
There may not come a pang of deep despair."

Then Hildegarde, with cheek and eye alight
With that strange fire ne'er found on land nor
sea,
Said : " Sister Agnes, every morn and night,
A shepherd lad waits by yon ancient tree,
To speak to grandsire ; and—he 's—kind—to
—me."

MARGARET HOLMES BATES.

HINDA.

O H what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light !
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea

Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs.

THOMAS MOORE.

From "Lalla Rookh."

HONORIA.

I WATCHED her face, suspecting germs
Of love : her farewell showed me plain
She loved, on the majestic terms
That she should not be loved again.
She was all mildness ; yet 't was writ
Upon her beauty legibly,
"He that 's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."

.

And though her charms are a strong law
Compelling all men to admire,

They are so clad with lovely awe,
None but the noble dares desire.
He who would seek to make her his,
Will comprehend that souls of grace
Own sweet repulsion, and that 't is
The quality of their embrace,
To be like the majestic reach
Of coupled suns, that, from afar,
Mingle their mutual spheres, while each
Circles the twin obsequious star :
And in the warmth of hand to hand,
Of heart to heart, he 'll vow to note
And reverently understand
How the two spirits shine remote ;
And ne'er to numb fine honor's nerve,
Nor let sweet awe in passion melt,
Nor fail by courtesies to observe
The space which makes attraction felt ;
Nor cease to guard like life the sense
Which tells him that the embrace of love
Is o'er a gulf of difference
Love cannot sound, nor death remove.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

From " The Angel in the House."

IANTHE.

From you, Ianthé, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river ;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blythe as ever.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IANTHE.

NOT in those climes where I have late been
straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been match-
less deem'd ;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd :
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
beam'd—
To such as see thee not my words were weak ;
To those who gaze on thee what language could
they speak ?

Ah ! mayst thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,

And guileless beyond Hope's imagining !
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West !—'t is well for me
My years already doubly number thine ;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine ;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline ;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall
 bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest
 hours decreed.

Oh ! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly
 sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend :
This much, dear maid, accord ; nor question
 why

To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily
blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined ;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last ;
My days once numbered, should this homage
past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire :
Though more than Hope can claim, could
Friendship less require ?

LORD BYRON.

"Dedication of Childe Harold."

IDA.

ALL beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess ; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man's earth ; such eyes were in her
head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arched brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet.

.

My princess, O my princess ! true she errs,
 But in her own grand way : being herself
 Three times more noble than three-score of
 men,
 She sees herself in every woman else,
 And so she wears her error like a crown
 To blind the truth and me : for her, and her,
 Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
 The nectar ; but—ah she—whene'er she moves
 The Samian Herè rises and she speaks
 A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON
 From "The Princess."

IMOGEN.

IACHIMO. How bravely thou becom'st thy
 bed ! Fresh lily !
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
 . . . 'T is her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the
 taper
 Bows towards her ; and would under-peep her
 lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
 From "Cymbeline."

IMOGENE.

TWO laughing little eyes of brown
 I 've often seen,
 Like gems inlaid upon a crown,
 Or sunlight sheen
 O'er limpid, rippling waters cast.
 And ah ! I sigh as she flits past,
 And feel my heart pulsating fast.
 Sweet Imogene !

Two dainty-fashioned lips of red,
 With pearls between ;
 While rich, dark curls adorn her head,
 And catch the gleam
 Of every genial Southern sun
 That sees its daily course begun,
 Shedding its lustrous rays upon
 Sweet Imogene !

A pretty figure she displays
 As can be seen ;
 For beauty, suppleness, and grace
 And gentle mien
 All other girls she quite excels,
 And yet her every action tells
 No vanity within her dwells—
 Sweet Imogene !

With practiced skill she mounts her wheel,
 And calm, serene,
 She hies where brooklets softly steal
 'Mid sylvan scene ;
 Where pipes the lark his roundelay,
 And flowers bloom in bright array,
 'T is there she greets the virgin day—
 Sweet Imogene !

And as I watch her riding by
 Fondly I ween,
 A maid more fair ne'er met my eye—
 She looks a queen !
 And could one wish be given me,
 That I my captive heart might free,
 Then she in truth my queen should be—
 Sweet Imogene !

SIDNEY WARREN MASE.

"Sweet Imogene."

IMPERIA.

ALL pleasures of this pleasant Earth be
 thine !
 Yea, let her servants fondly press
 Unto thy feet,
 Bearing all sights most fair, all scents most
 sweet ;

Spring, playing with her wreath of budded
vine ;
Summer, with stately tress
Prink'd with green wheat-ears and the white
corn-bine ;
And Autumn, crown'd from the yellow forest-
tree ;
—And Winter, in his dress
Begemm'd with icicles, from snow dead-white
Shooting their wondrous light ;
These be thine ever.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

From "To Imperia."

INA.

A "LOVELY fear," a sweet solicitude
For others' grief is hers ; skilled are her
fingers
To cool with dewy flowers the front of care,
Flattering to pleasant tears the over-worn.
She lives in her sweet maidenhood, untouched
By doubt, distrust, or pain ; and gives to
Heaven
Her heart, to earth her pity, to her friends
The snow-fed fountains of her fresh affections ;
Seldom she weeps, and never causes tears ;
Her looks are gentle, and her voice as low

As morning winds that spare the trembling
dewdrops ;

Her hand is lighter than a young bird's wing.

You deem her undefended. She is strong !

A glorious Spirit zoned with power and beauty !

The pure are always strong ; for they possess

Youth's heaven-taught lore, and Virtue's might
eternæ :

And, as the ocean in the flowers of ocean,

So God within them dwells, and moves around.

AUBREY DE VERE.

INEZ.

OH, saw ye not fair Inez ?

She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest :
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Inez,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright ;

And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Inez,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whispered thee so near !—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Inez,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more !

Alas, alas ! fair Inez,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng ;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,

In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,
To her you 've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Inez !
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more !

THOMAS HOOD.

“Fair Inez.”

INFELICE.

(ON HER PICTURE.)

MY Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet
skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil
flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own ;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas ! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion : here 't is read :
False colors last after the true be dead.

Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom ; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all ! Earth can no bliss afford ;
Nothing of her but this ! This cannot speak ;
It has no lap for me to rest upon ;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will
 feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be
 dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there !

THOMAS DEKKER.

From " Dramas."

IONE.

SWEETNESS, Purity and Truth
Are the handmaids of thy youth ;
And thy friendship, that doth last,
Makes the future as the past,
And about the present throws
All the perfume of the rose.

Oh, thy smile is like the smiling
Of some dream at morn beguiling,
All the senses with the tender
Glamour hopes to memories render ;
Noble, fair and true thou art,
And all-golden is thy heart.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

IRENÉ.

HERS is a spirit deep, and crystal-clear ;
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,
Free without boldness, meek without a fear,
Quicker to look than speak its sympathies ;
Far down into her large and patient eyes
I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,
I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's holy light,
That from the shade of self she walketh free ;
The garden of her soul still keepeth she
An Eden where the snake did never enter ;
She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the center ;
So that no influence of earth can stir

Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness, which, night and day,
Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

Most gentle is she ; her large charity
(An all unwitting, childlike gift in her)
Not freer is to give than meek to bear ;
And, though herself not unacquaint with care,
Hath in her heart wide room for all that be,—
Her heart that hath no secrets of its own,
But open is as eglantine full blown.
Cloudless forever is her brow serene,
Speaking calm hope and trust within her,
whence

Welleth a noiseless spring of patience,
That keepeth all her life so fresh, so green
And full of holiness, that every look,
The greatness of her woman's soul revealing,
Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling
As when I read in God's own holy book.

A graciousness in giving that doth make
The small'st gift greatest, and a sense most
meek .

Of worthiness, that doth not fear to take
From others, but which always fears to speak
Its thanks in utterance, for the giver's sake ;—
The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's clear law

With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness ; a holy awe
For holy things,—not those which men call
holy,

But such as are revealed to the eyes
Of a true woman's soul bent down and lowly
Before the face of daily mysteries ;—
A love that blossoms soon, but ripens slowly
To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,
Enduring with a firmness that defies
All shallow tricks of circumstance and time,
By a sure insight knowing where to cling,
And where it clingeth never withering ;—
These are Irené's dowry, which no fate
Can shake from their serene, deep-built state.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which chasteneth
No less than loveth, scorning to be bound
With fear of blame, and yet which ever hasteneth
To pour the balm of kind looks on the wound,
If they be wounds which such sweet teaching
makes,

Giving itself a pang for others' sakes ;
No want of faith, that chills with sidelong eye,
Hath she ; no jealousy, no Levite pride
That passeth by upon the other side ;
For in her soul there never dwelt a lie.
Right from the hand of God her spirit came
Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten whence

It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboreth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot.

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets the ties of earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth ;
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven ; and her heart
Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,
That, bearing in her frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood :
For this I love her great soul more than all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,
She walks so bright and heaven-like therein,—
Too wise, too meek, too womanly to sin.

Like a lone star through riven storm-clouds
seen

By sailors, tempest-tossed upon the sea,
Telling of rest and peaceful heavens nigh,
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been,
Her sight as full of hope and calm to me ;—

For she unto herself hath builded high
 A home serene, wherein to lay her head,
 Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ISA.

OH it 's bonnie, bonnie Isa,
 Whose hair is like the crow,
 Her e'e the dusky violet,
 Her neck the drifted snaw ;
 By hills an' howes where Annan rowes
 Are lasses bricht an' braw,
 But my bonnie, bonnie Isa
 Is the flower amang them a'.

I lo'ed her in the summer time,
 When sweet the laverock sang ;
 And mair and mair in winter prime,
 When nichts were dark and lang :
 But oh, I lo'ed her maist o' a'
 When, nestlin' near tae me,
 She pined awa—owre plain I saw
 My bonnie bairn wad dee.

She took my hans atween her ain,
 An' held them tae her breast,

An' wi' her slender fingers, mine
Sae tenderly caressed ;
Then lookin' up sae lovingly,
While tears cam' rinnin' doon,
Said, " Willie—Willie, think o' me !
I 'll be in heaven soon."

But while she spak' a stranger cam'—
(Then melted was the snaw)—
Said, " Isa will arise again,
An' be a joy tae a'."
An' in the spring our Isa rose,
Slipped aff her weary pain ;
And smilin' bricht, as simmer light,
She's brocht us joy again !

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

ISABEL.

I.

EYES not down-dropped nor over-bright, but
fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by

Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit ; locks not wide-dispread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her head ;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixèd shadows of thy fixèd mood,
 Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifhood, and pure lowlihead.

2.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
 Error from crime ; a prudence to withhold ;
 The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart ;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws ; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
 Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride ;
A courage to endure and to obey ;
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

3.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon ;
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexèd eddies of its wayward brother ;
A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen
quite.
With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each
other—
Shadow forth thee ;—the world hath not
another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

ISABELLA.

HEART warm as summer, fresh as spring,
Gracious as autumn's harvesting,
Pure as the winter's snows ; as white
A hand as lilies in sunlight ;

Eyes glorious as a midnight star ;
 Hair shining as the chestnuts are ;
 A step firm and majestic ;
 A voice singing and musical ;
 A soft expression, kind address ;
 Tears for another's heaviness ;
 Bright looks ; an action full of grace ;
 A perfect form, a perfect face ;
 All these become a woman well,
 And these had Lady Isabel.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"Lady Isabella."

ISABELLA.

WHENCE comes my love ? O heart, disclose ;
 It was from cheeks that shamed the
 rose,
 From lips' that spoil the ruby's praise,
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze :
 Whence comes my woe ? as freely own ;
 Ah me ! 't was from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 The lips befitting words most kind,
 The eye does tempt to love's desire,
 And seems to say 't is Cupid's fire ;

Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith naught doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

“Lines on Isabella Markham.”

JANE.

FAR you must go, and look round you in vain
To find sweeter girl than my Highland lass,
Jane;
Many be summers, with bird-notes and bowers,
That drop in her pathway their innocent flowers;
Ever, with Truth setting seal on her brow,
May she be pure, and as spotless as now!

In her blue eyes beams a soul-kindled light,
The lone star of eve is less placid and bright;
Tinged is her lip with the red of the dawn;

Light is her footsteps as tread of the fawn ;
Beauty has painted her cheek with the rose,
Round her a charm her own loveliness throws.

In the rich lines of that beautiful face,
Painter might find his true model of grace ;
I know that her heart with affection is warm,
And sculptor might study the mould of her
form :—

Far you must go and look around you in vain
To find fairer girl than my Highland lass, Jane.

W. C. H. HOSMER.

JANET.

BEAUTIFUL is dear Janet
As she smiling watches me,
Scarce a woman, more than child,
Modest—yet a trifle wild ;
Surely eye has never met
Picture fair as she.

Sunlight falls upon her head,
Bathing in its golden light ;
As upon an angel's face,
I, a man of mortal race,

Gaze in wonder till the red
Flashes in a torrent bright,

O'er her cheeks and o'er her brow,
From pure joy and happiness,
For she loves to be admired,
And but lately I 've aspired
To be, what she calls me now,
Husband—nothing more—nor less.

Singing sweetly to my soul,
Hers the sweetest voice to me,
What can heaven give more, I cry,
Oh ! that we might never die,
But, as endless seasons roll,
Only endless love foresee.

Pure in woman's purity,
By her side so dark I seem ;
Calm in many a trying hour,
Yet as fragile as a flower,
Childhood in maturity ;
Angel in a blessed dream.

Artful, without thought of harm,
Careless, without need of care,
Dark as even are her eyes,
And their lightest glance I prize ;
Soft the curve of the white arm,
Deepest brown her wealth of hair.

Kind and gentle, when I feel
Careworn and oppressed with ill,
Fond of having her own way,
As all women are, they say,
To my heart I let her steal,
And she always has her will.

Proud as queen of eastern land,
Very proud indeed of me ;
Scornfully she looks on all
Who themselves her lovers call,
Joying in the blessed band
That binds her—yet is free.

Very rich is dear Janet,
Very rich I now am, too :
All your wealth is this poor heart,
And all mine—love, do not start,
I'm a lowly man as yet,
But so rich in having you.

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON.

JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet an fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

‘ I Love My Jean.’

JEAN.

’MANG a’ the lassies young and braw,
An’ fair as summer’s rosy beam,
There’s ane the bonniest o’ them a’
That dwells by Manor’s mountain stream.
Oft ha’e I gazed on her sweet face,
An’ ilka time new beauties seen ;
For aye some new discover’d grace
Endears to me my lovely Jean.

An’ oh ! to list her ev’ning sang,
When a’ alane she gently strays

The yellow waving broom amang,
 That blooms on Manor's flow'ry braes—
 Her voice so soft, sae sweet and clear,
 Afar in yonder bower sae green,
 The mavis quits her lay to hear
 A bounnier sang frae lovely Jean.

But it's no her peerless face nor form,
 It's no her voice sae sweet and clear,
 That keeps my love to her sae warm,
 An' mak's her every day mair dear;
 It's just the beauties o' her mind,
 Her easy, winning, modest mien,
 Her truth and constancy, which bind
 My heart and soul to lovely Jean.

PETER ROGER.

"Lovely Jean."

JENNIE.

SOME men affect a liking
 For the prim in face and mind,
 And some prefer the striking
 And the loud in womankind;
 Wee Madge is wooed of many,
 And buxom Kate, as well,
 And Jennie—charming Jennie—
 Ah, Jennie does n't tell!

What eyes so bright as Daisy's,
And who as Maud so fair?
Who does not sing the praises
Of Lucy's golden hair?
There's Sophie—she is witty,
A very sprite is Nell,
And Susie's, oh, so pretty—
But Jennie does n't tell!

And now for my confession :
Of all the virtues rare,
I argue that discretion
Doth most beseeem the fair.
And though I hear the many
Extol each other belle,
I—I pronounce for Jennie,
For Jennie does n't tell!

EUGENE FIELD.

JENNY.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in :
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,

Say I 'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

LEIGH HUNT.

"Jenny Kissed Me."

JESSIE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-
lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the
scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer
gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blos-
som,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny ;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower
o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'ening,

Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood
glen ;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower of Dum-
blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest gran-
deur,

Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain ;
And reckon as naething the height o' its
splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-
blane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane."

JOAN.

OF her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white

And great balas leaming as the fire.
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire ;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amoretts,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets,
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to dote.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfevery,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,
As I suppose ; and girt she was alite,
Thus halfings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report :
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance !

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

From "The King's Quhair."

JOANNA.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth ; and there you
learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fireside,
With such a strong devotion that your heart
Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the streams
and groves.
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you well,
Joanna ! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,

That you will gladly listen to discourse,
 However trivial, if you thence be taught
 That they, with whom you once were happy,
 talk
 Familiarly of you and of old times.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JOSEPHETA.

GREAT black eyes with looks so tender
 That they seem, almost, to weep ;
 Hand that 's taper, brown, and slender,
 Shades them peering up the steep,
 From the "dobey" on the mesa,
 Where the sun forever shines,
 'Long the foothill, where the gazer
 Sees amid the tangled vines
 And the crooked manzanita,
 Su Chiquita !
 La bonita.

There 's a little Mexic maiden,
 Golden haired and eyes of blue,
 With the summer flowers laden
 Climbing down from where they grew,
 Dusky-haired and dark-eyed mother—
 Though mayhap the question 's bold—

Whence those eyes of some one other,
Whence the shining locks of gold?
Tell me, handsome Josepheta,
Of Chiquita,
La bonita.

Ah ! I see yon caballero,
Riding thither down the trail—
Now he lifts his broad sombrero,
Shouts the Saxon's hearty hail,
And the flax-haired caballero
Has Chiquita's eyes of blue,
Shaded by his slouch sombrero—
Pretty answer that is, too,
For the handsome Josepheta,
And Chiquita,
La bonita.

WILL VISSCHER.

JOSEPHINE.

THERE was a France, there was a queen,
There was another Josephine,
Whose gentle love and tender art
Subdued Napoleon's soldier heart.

But she of France was ne'er, I ween,
Fairer than thou—my Josephine ;
To storm thy heart I 'll boldly plan—
God ! if I were the Corsican !

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

“ My Josephine.”

JOSEPHINE.

THERE 's not a moment of my life
But that my mem'ry, fond and true,
Like some lone bird that seeks its mate
Flies on the wings of love to you.
I see your fair and faultless form,
In all my dreams your face is seen ;
I breathe your name in ev'ry pray'r,
My own, my darling Josephine.

CHORUS.

O ! Josephine, my own fair queen,
I swear by heav'n above you
My heart is true, sweet girl, to you,
Josephine, I love you.

O ! when I see your soul-lit eyes
In all their beauty on me shine,

I feel as if some angel fair
Had come to give her smiles for mine.
But when our lips give kiss for kiss,
And life is happy and serene,
All earth becomes a Heaven then,
And you 're its angel, Josephine.

WILL S. HAYS.

"I Love You, Josephine."

JUDITH.

WHEN she had gained her chamber she
threw off
The livery of sorrow for her lord,
The cruel sackcloth that begirt her limbs,
And from those ashen colors issuing forth,
Seemed like a golden butterfly new-slipt
From its dull chrysalis. Then, after bath,
She braided in the darkness of her hair
A thread of opals ; on her rounded breast
Spilt precious ointment ; and put on the robes
Whose rustling made her pause, half-garmented,
To dream a moment of her bridal morn.
Of snow-white silk stuff were her robes, and rich
With delicate branch-work, silver-frosted star,
And many a brodered lily-of-the vale.

These things became her as the scent the rose,
For fairest things are beauty's natural dower.
The sun that through the jealous casement stole
Fawned on the Hebrew woman as she stood,
Toyed with the oval pendant at her ear,
And, like a lover, stealing to her lips
Taught them a deeper crimson ; then slipt down
The tremulous lilies to the sandal straps
That bound her snowy ankles.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

From " Judith."

JUDITH.

O HER eyes are amber-fine—
Dark and deep as wells of wine,
While her smile is like the noon
Splendor of a day of June.
If she sorrow—lo ! her face
It is like a flowery space
In bright meadows, overlaid
With light clouds and lulled with shade.
If she laugh—it is the thrill
Of the wayward whippoorwill
Over upland pastures, heard
Echoed by the mocking-bird
In dim thickets dense with bloom
And blurred cloyings of perfume.

If she sigh—a zephyr swells
Over odorous asphodels
And wan lilies in lush plots
Of moon-drown'd forget-me-nots.
Then, the soft touch of her hand—
Takes all breath to understand
What to liken it thereto!—
Never roseleaf rinsed with dew
Might slip soother-suave than slips
Her slow palm, the while her lips
Swoon through mine, with kiss on kiss
Sweet as heated honey is.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JULIA.

SOME asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew ;
 I bade him not go seek ;
 But forthwith bade my Julia shew
 A bud in either cheek.

ROBERT HERRICK.

JULIA.

O YOU, who know such Mays as blow
 The cowslips by the ways, dear,
 The mountain-pink whose heart, you 'd think,
 The thorn-pierced sparrow's blood did drink,
 In their wise way, how—can you say?—
 Is it you 're like such Mays, dear?
 In moods that run from shade to sun,
 A thoughtful gloom ; like wild perfume,
 A winning smile that laughs down guile—
 Dear day ! so go such days, dear.
 In you some song keeps trying long,
 Like some song bird, for flight, child ;
 And when you speak all up your cheek
 A crystal blush will faintly flush
 So saintly sweet ! and at your feet
 All shadow turns to light, child.
 You may not know, but it is so,
 If you but look, hark ! far a brook
 Foams white through buds ! for of the woods
 I know you are some sprite, child.

Yes, yes ; I swear that what 's your hair
Is but the soft-spun wind, love :
Why, when you move it is as Love
Hid in your grace and feet to face
Peeped roguishly ; and well I see
This Love is not a blind Love.
Laugh, and I hear, in each pink ear
Wood-blossoms strain, dew-words of rain
Slip musical, for you are all
Of music to my mind, love.

MADISON CAWEIN.

JULIET.

ROMEO. But, soft ! what light through
yonder window breaks !
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
Be not her maid since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.
It is my lady ; O ! it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !
She speaks, yet she says nothing ! What of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,
As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not
night.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Romeo and Juliet."

JULIET.

I SEE you, Juliet, still, with your straw hat
Loaded with vines, and with your dear pale
face,
On which those thirty years so lightly sat,
And the white outline of your muslin dress.
You wore a little *fichu* trimmed with lace
And crossed in front, as was the fashion then,
Bound at your waist with a broad band or sash,
All white and fresh and virginally plain.
There was a sound of shouting far away
Down in the valley, as they called to us,

And you, with hands clasped seeming still to
pray

Patience of fate, stood listening to me thus
With heaving bosom. There a rose lay curled.
It was the reddest rose in all the world.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

JUNE.

“JUNE! June!” the birds are singing,
All this long summer day;

“June! June!” the woods are ringing
The echo of each lay.

Where is the charming maiden?

Will she come to me soon?

Return oh, dear, love-laden

Incomparable June!

Her mind a noble shrine is

For all that's pure and good;

Her heart a holy sign is

Of Love's most sacred mood.

Her name is but a token

For Life's most perfect rune,

And e'er so lightly spoken

I love the name of June.

DOUGLAS MORROW.

KATE.

I KNOW her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black
hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughters of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'T is Kate—she sayeth what she will :
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
As edges of the scymetar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate ?
For Kate no common love will feel ;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of might."
Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows ;—
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armèd knight,
Far famed for well won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed emprise ;

For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh ! Kate loves well the bold and fierce ;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She can not find a fitting mate.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

KATHARINE.

WE see you as we see a face
That trembles in a forest place
Upon the mirror of a pool
Forever quiet, clear and cool ;
And in the wayward glass, appears
To hover between smiles and tears,
Elfin and human, airy and true,
And backed by the reflected blue.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

KATHERINE.

OH, tender, trustful face and steady eyes,
The angels must have kissed thee in thy
sleep,

And through the slow hours of the weary day
That gentle talisman thou still dost keep.
Through lowliest ways of life thou wanderest,
A Una, clothed in peace and patience sweet,
And lo, the darksome forest is thy friend,
And Discord crouches reverent at thy feet.
As shell within its tiny spiral holds
The everlasting murmur of the sea,
The music that controls the circling spheres
Finds room to round its harmony in thee.

LILY A. LONG.

KATHLEEN.

MY Kathleen dearest ! in truth or seeming,
No brighter vision e'er blessed my eyes
Than she for whom in Elysian dreaming
Thy trancèd lover too fondly sighs.
Oh ! Kathleen fairest ! if elfin splendor
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
'T was in the darkness, ere, purely tender,
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill—
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
And God and nature more glorious still.

I see around me new fountains gushing—
 More jewels spangle the robes of night ;
 Strange harps are pealing—fresh roses blush-
 ing—
 Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover ;
 Oh ! give him shelter upon thy breast,
 And bid him swiftly—his long flight over—
 From Heaven drop into that love-built nest.
 Like fairy flow'rets is love thou fearest,
 At once that springeth like mine from earth ;
 'T is friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
 But love and lightning have instant birth.

Thy mirthful fancy and artless gesture,
 Hair black as tempest, and swanlike breast,
 More graceful folded in simplest vesture
 Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest.
 Not these, the varied and rare possession
 Love gave to conquer, are thine alone ;
 But, oh ! there crowns thee divine expression,
 As saints a halo, that 's all thine own.

Thou art as poets in olden story
 Have pictured women before the fall—
 Her angel beauty's divinest glory—
 The pure soul shining, like God, through all.

But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
 I sing the queenliest flower of love :
 Thus soars the skylark, presumptuous singing
 The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, belovèd maiden,
 The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
 Through nature fated, his heart, love-laden,
 Must break, or utter its woes in song.
 Farewell ! if never my soul may cherish
 The dreams that bade me to love aspire.
 By memory's altar ! thou shalt not perish,
 First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre !

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

KATHRINA.

SHE was my peer :
 No weakling girl who would surrender will
 And life and reason, with her loving heart,
 To her possessor ; no soft, clinging thing
 Who would find breath alone within the arms
 Of a strong master, and obediently
 Wait on his whims in slavish carefulness ;
 No fawning, cringing spaniel, to attend
 His royal pleasure, and account herself
 Rewarded by his pats and pretty words,—

But a round woman, who, with insight keen,
Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured
well

Her womanhood ; had spread before her feet
A fine philosophy to guide her steps ;
Had won a faith to which her life was brought
In strict adjustment, brain and heart meanwhile
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
With the great scheme of God's great universe,
On towards her being's end.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

From "Kathrina."

KITTY.

MAID of all maids!—and the wide earth is
full of them

Tender and witching, and slender and tall—
I know a maid takes the shine off the whole of
them ;

Kitty, agra, you outrival them all.
Pretty and sweet are you, neat and complete
are you,

Type of the grace of an old Irish stock ;
Rich are you, rare are you, fresh are you, fair
are you—

Kitty, agra, you 're the flower of the flock.

When I kneel down at Mass, where are my
thoughts, alas?

Naught but the light of a bright face I see ;
All that my praying is, all that I 'm saying is,

“God bless sweet Kitty, and keep her for
me.”

Hourly I sigh for you, proudly I 'd die for you,
Joyfully lay down my life on the block ;
King on his throne for you true love might
own for you,
Reigning alone for you, flower of the flock.

Maid of all maidens, my life is entwined in
thine,

Turning to thee like the flowers to the sun ;
Tell me, oh ! tell me, thy heart is enshrined in
mine—

Tell me, asthore, we had better be one.
Come with me, roam with me, over the foam
with me,

Come to my home with me, near Carrig rock,
Light of my life to be sweetheart and wife to
be,

Free from all life to be, flower of the flock.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

“ The Flower of the Flock.”

LALAGÈ.

[F whole in life and free from sin,
Man needs no Moorish bow, nor dart,
Nor quiver, carrying death within
By poison's art.

Though frowning Caucasus he treads,
And boiling Syrtes hath defied,
Been, Fuscus, where Hydaspes spreads
His mythic tide.

In Sabine woods, and fancy-free,
A wolf observed my wandering tread ;
Unarmed, I sang of Lalagè ;
He saw, and fled.

Such portent in the oaken grove,
Hath martial Daunia never known ;
Nor Juba's land, where lions rove
The thirsty zone.

Place me, where desert wastes forbid
One tree to breathe the summer wind,
Where fogs the land and seas have hid,
With Jove unkind ;

Or, where the sun so near would be,
 That none to build or dwell may dare ;
 Thy voice, thy smile, my Lalagè,
 I 'll love them there.

Translated by W. E. Gladstone.

HORACE.

LALAGE.

WHAT were sweet life without her
 Who maketh all things sweet
 With smiles that dream about her,
 With dreams that come and fleet !
 Soft moods that end in languor ;
 Soft words that end in sighs ;
 Curved frownings as in anger ;
 Cold silence of her eyes.

Sweet eyes born but for slaying,
 Deep violet-dark and lost
 In dreams of whilom Maying
 In climes unstung of frost.
 Wild eyes shot through with fire
 God's light in godless years,
 Brimmed wine-dark with desire,
 A birth for dreams and tears.

Dear tears as sweet as laughter,
 Low laughter sweet as love
 Unwound in ripples after
 Sad tears we knew not of.
 What if the day be lawless,
 What if the heart be dead,
 Such tears would make it flawless,
 Such laughter make it red.

Lips that were curled for kisses,
 For loves, and hates, and scorns,
 Brows under gold of tresses,
 Brows as beauteous as the Morn's.
 Imperial locks and tangled
 Down to the graceful hips ;
 Hair where one might be strangled
 Carousing on thy lips.

Rose-lovely lips that hover
 About the honeyed words,
 That slip wild bees from clover
 Whose sweets their sweet affords.
 Though days be robbed of sunlight,
 White teeth make light thereof ;
 Though nights unknown of onelight,
 Thine eyes were stars enough.

Ah, lily-lovely features,
 Round temples, throat, and chin,

Sweet gods of godless natures,
Sweet love of loveless men !
Still moods and slumberous fanned on
To dreams that rock to sleep,
Unmerciful abandon,
That haunts or makes one weep.

She walks as if with sorrows,
And all unknown of joy ;
Eyes fixed on dim to-morrows
That all sad feet decoy.
Yet she, a peer of pleasures,
Tears from Time's taloned hand
The hour-glass he treasures,
And wastes its sullen sand.

MADISON CAWEIN.

LAURA.

DOTH any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name !
How honor grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou may'st learn, and what the path
may be

To that high heaven which doth her spirit
claim ;

There learn soft speech, beyond all poet's
skill,

And softer silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.

But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can copy ! since its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

LAURA.

KATE is like a violet, Gertrude's like a rose,
Jane is like a gillyflower smart ;
But Laura's like a lily, the purest bud that blows,
Whose white, white petals veil the golden
heart.

Girls in the garden—one and two and three—
One for song and one for play and one—ah, one
for me !

Gillyflowers and violets and roses fair and fine,
But only one a lily, and that one lily mine !

Bertha is a hollyhock, stately, tall, and fair,
Mabel has the daisy's dainty grace,

Edith has the gold of the sunflower on her hair,
But Laura wears the lily in her face.
Girls in the garden—five and six and seven—
Three to take, and three to give, but one—ah!
 one is given—
Hollyhocks and daisies, and sunflowers like the
 sun,
But only one a lily, and that one lily won.

E. NESBIT BLAND.

“A Garden of Girls.”

LAURELLA.

L AURELLA, thou art wild and coy,
But to thy mother tame;
Thou knowest naught of the sad joy
And madness of love's flame.

How free thy hair floats in the breeze!
Thy eyelashes droop low,
Nor man nor maiden ever sees
The thoughts that 'neath them glow.

Thy teeth, fresh ruby lips between,
As snow are gleaming white;
And now, like a young gipsy queen,
Dancing thou takest flight.

If some rude boy but look on thee
Thy cheek with crimson glows ;
If he but speak straight thou dost flee,
As pale as the primrose.

PAUL JOHANN LUDWIG HEYSE.

Translated by J. L. Spalding.

LAVINIA.

THOUGHTLESS of beauty, she was Beauty's
self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourished blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.

JAMES THOMSON.

From "The Seasons."

LEILA.

HER eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist the fancy well :

As large, as languishingly dark,
But soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.
Yea, *soul*, and should our Prophet say
That form was naught but breathing clay,
By Allah ! I would answer Nay ;
Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his houris beckoning through.
Oh ! who young Lelia's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust ?
On her might muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone ;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new :
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet,
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water :

So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan !
As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide ;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck—
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.

LORD BYRON.

“The Giaour.”

LEOLINE.

I N the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watched the firefly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping, slumberous leaves,
Flowed to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage-eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.

And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light, warm touch of thine ;
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline !

How large the white moon looked, dear !
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west-wind
Comes faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breathed on it,
So sweet it comes to me.
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, “ And does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline ? ”

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished time
In the far, fair foreign lands ;
Thinking sadly—“ Is she happy ?
Has she tears for those old hours ?

And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air
A firefly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed him lightly off again,
And he glittered up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I' ve a purple rose-leaf pressed,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes were wet;
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is withered long ago!
The page is blistered, too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it, too—long, long ago;
Her love was less than mine.
Still we were friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

LEONORA.

LEONORA, Leonora,
How the word rolls—*Leonora*—
Lion-like, in full-mouthed sound,
Marching o'er the metric ground,
With a tawny tread sublime—
So your name moves, Leonora,
Down my desert rhyme.

So you pace, young Leonora,
Through the alleys of the wood,
Head erect, majestic, tall,
The fit daughter of the Hall ;
Yet with hazel eyes declined,
And a voice like the summer wind,
And a meek mouth, sweet and good,
Dimpling ever, Leonora,
In fair womanhood.

How those smiles dance, Leonora,
As you meet the pleasant breeze
Under your ancestral trees ;
For your heart is free and pure
As this blue March sky o'erhead,
And in the life-path you tread,
All the leaves are budding, sure,
All the primroses are springing,

All the birds begin their singing—
'T is your spring-time, Leonora,
May it long endure.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK).

From "Leonora."

LESBIA.

'FORE thee I cast the purple royal of my
muse,
'Fore thee I breathless stand too mute to kneel.
I speak, indeed, to thee, but with mine ardent
glance
Whose loyalty is based upon thy weal.
To dream of thee and die is not so much to ask ;
To hope for thee and live ! O, may it be my
task !

'Fore thee I cast the purple royal of my muse,
As pure as angel-thoughts that praise inspire,
And strong as that which spurs the glitt'ring
spheres of God
On their eternal inference of desire ;
Divine of thee has wrought divine of me like
light,
That from the tossing wave reflects again at
night.

'Fore thee I cast the purple royal of my muse.
No churl's cheap cloak with flimsy tinsel spread,
Nor one that to the wealth of shops a slav'ry
owes,
But rich or poor with it, the legend 's read ;
If Love but lifts this trophy so divinely rare,
The act crowns Love, and Love herself writes
" *Genius* " there.

FORSYTH DE FRONSAC.

LILIA.

L ILIA, come when the day is breaking,
Dawn may not shine on the blooms with-
out thee,
Under thy radiance, all blushing and waking,
Buds from their crimson a new summer see ;
And this heart o' mine,
All whose pulses are thine,
Will send out to welcome thee love all in
flowers ;
Till, borne to my arms,
I wish but thy charms
To scatter the shadows from life's morning
hours.

Lilia, come when the day is fading,
Darkness can ne'er be companion to thee ;

Glooms of the eve are but Nature's soft shading,
Brighter to picture the smile kept for me ;
And that heart o' thine,
All whose pulses are mine,
Will bring me the chalice of joy running o'er ;
Be mine but the blessing
Thy blush is repressing,
And this life that loves thee is blest evermore.

A. STEPHEN WILSON.

LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can ;
She 'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

2.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me

Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks :
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughs dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies.

3.

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
Gayety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian :
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth :
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

4.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

LILIAN.

WHENEVER the south wind blows,
Straight to the cliff I hie ;
A little back from the edge,
On the brown turf, down I lie ;

And there I ponder and muse ;
I hear what the South has to say :
To me it is seldom news,
For I hear it every day.

Lilian thinks 't is the stir—
The eternal sound of the sea :—
'T is not of the sea, but of her,
And her virgin love for me.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

LILITH.

I, WANDERING in a certain waste alone
In lands deserted, where no wild bird
called,
Before the desolation stood appalled
That stretched away in dreary monotone ;
The wind went muttering like a withered crone
And stunted trees in grayish moss were
shawled,

A marshy mist, slow moving, upward crawled,
And sullen nature brooded, turned to stone.

But on a sudden, by a swampy space,
In weaving lines of breezy disarray,
A host of saffron lilies thronged the air,
And I bethought me of a woman's face
As fair, as sweet, as languorous as they,
The sunlight on her tangled yellow hair.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

LINA.

LINA, rival of the linnet,
When these lays shall reach thy hand,
Please transfer them to the spinnet,
Where thy friend was wont to stand.

Set the diapason ringing,
Ponder not the words you see,
Give them utterance by thy singing,
Then each leaf belongs to thee.

With the life of music fill them ;
Cold the written verses seem,
That, would Lina deign to trill them,
Might be trancing as a dream.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LISA.

HER heart, her mind, her voice, her looks !
 Her hundred virtues sweet as nard !
 Could I but set them down in books,
 The world would need no other bard,
 And I, secure with fadeless bays,
 Be hailed immortal through her praise.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

LISETTE.

WHEN Love in myrtle shades reposed,
 His bow and darts behind him slung ;
 As dewy twilight round him closed,
 Lisette these numbers sung :
 " O Love ! thy sylvan bower
 I'll fly while I've the power ;
 Thy primrose way leads maids where they
 Love, honor, and obey ! "

" Escape," the boy-god said, " is vain,"
 And shook the diamonds from his wings :
 " I'll bind thee captive in my train,
 Fairest of earthly things ! "
 " Go, saucy archer, go !
 I freedom's value know :

Begone, I pray—to none I'll say
'Love, honor, and obey!'

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view!
Joy filled that maiden's eyes—
Twin load-stars from the skies!—
And one bright day her lips *did* say,
"Love, honor, and obey!"

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LIZZIE.

OH, who can paint the picture of my pet,
As 'mid the grey-green hay she childlike
kneels,
Who shows a dainty slipper, then conceals
'Neath tangled grass its celadon rosette?
A soft, white robe, a brodered chemisette
Scarce veils her rounded bosom, as it steals
A subtle charm it only half reveals—
As sweet and modest as the violet!

A gipsy hat casts shadows, pearly grey,
Across the golden sunshine of her smile,

Her glance e'en cynics dare not disobey,
Her dimples even iron hearts beguile—
A dainty despot on a throne of hay,
Who conquers all by magic girlish wile!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

LOIS.

THE day when Lois walked with me
September skies were blue ;
The woodbine on the wayside wall
Had found its autumn hue.

In gown of changing green and rose
And undersleeves of white,
With skirt in loose and flowing folds,
And bodice trim and tight,—

Her low-combed hair was just the shade
Of fallen chestnut burs ;
The cheeks of mellow astrakans
Are not more ripe than hers.

It seemed the mushrooms showed their caps
To win her eyes of brown,
And for one look into their depths,
The orchard boughs bent down.

A blossom of the early fall
That later days would chill,
Dear girl, somewhere those eyes must wear
A gleam of summer still.

CORA A. MATSON.

"A Memory of Lois."

LORA.

LORA is her name that slips
Nearly love between the lips ;
You must know she is so wise
All she does is lift her eyes
At her name and that replies—
She 's so wise, is Lora.

Lora is her name that makes
All the heart a chord that shakes ;
When she speaks, she is so blessed,
Life's hard riddle none has guessed
Softens, and the soul 's caressed
By the words of Lora.

Lora is her name that brings
Kisses as of airy things.
Honeyed hum of bees that deep

In the rumpled blue-bells creep,
Buoyant sun-hearts forests keep
For their shadows' lives, such leap
In the life of Lora.

Lora, when I find your face,
Round your white neck I will lace
One firm arm, and so will woo
Your small mouth, as fresh as dew,
With quick kisses, love, that you
Follow must where hearts are true,
Somewhere, somewhere, Lora.

MADISON CAWEIN.

LORRAINE.

I CANNOT paint thee as I would : the hue
That blooms upon thy cheek, is but the
glow
From thy translucent spirit,—flushes that flow
From the pure chastity of womanhood ;
Lustre from vestal flames, that, fed anew,
Perpetual burn, though hidden from the view.
So still a spirit, such meek brightness would
Chasten the gazer to a kindred mood.
An eye brimmed with the calm of placid love,
Unmixed with passion or with thoughts that
rove ;

Pure lips, whose ruddy fulness thread with bliss
The loving thoughts they coin to words ; that
kiss

With cleansing pressure all the ambient air,
And make about a purer atmosphere.

A soul serene, Madonna-like, enshrined
In her dear self ; at ease and free from pain ;—
Such is our golden one, our dear Lorraine.

FRANCIS ALLEN HILLARD.

LOTTIE.

“OH, Lottie is fair as the morning,
And Lottie is bright as the sun ;
Her cheeks all the roses are scorning,
Her eyes dance with frolic and fun.

“ She fills all the day with her chatter,
With laughter the pauses between,
And care to the four winds doth scatter—
For Lottie is merry sixteen.”

But what though Miss Lottie is pretty ?
And what though Miss Lottie is bright ?
And what though she really be witty,
Or merry from morning till night ?

What good does it do me to know it,
 Though her presence makes Summer of
 Fall?

For my brother, alas, is her poet,
 And I've never seen her at all!

JAMES G. BURNETT.

LOUISA.

(After accompanying her on a mountain excursion.)

I MET Louisa in the shade,
 And, having seen that lovely maid,
 Why should I fear to say
 That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,
 And down the rocks can leap along
 Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage home ;
 Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
 In weather rough and bleak ;
 And, when against the wind she strains,
 Oh ! might I kiss the mountain rains
 That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
 If I with her but half a noon

May sit beneath the walls
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,
When up she winds along the brook
To hunt the waterfalls.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LOUISE.

THOU stately queen of Love's domain, Louise!
There 's conquest even in thy lilting name,
That echoes yet some olden joustler's fame,
Who tilted death his lady fair to please.
In Love's dear conflict thou dost win with ease,
Triumphing through thy hair of dusky flame,
Thine eye-darts with their swift inerrant aim,
And all thy charms my willing powers that seize.
Fain do I strive, but just enough to lose,
For when I lose, the guerdon yet is mine,
And I am victor, chained and on my knees.
Then will I, vanquished, my sweet forfeit
choose,
While Mars and Eros put their seals divine
Upon my choice, my conqueror, Louise.

HENRY A. VAN FREDENBERG.

"Sonnets to Fair Women."

LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
Or that, when I am gone,
 You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I 'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blue-god's rage ;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as angels greet.

So, then, we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven,—their earthly bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

LUCILE.

AS soft, and as sallow as Autumn—with hair
Neither black, nor yet brown, but that
tinge which the air
Takes at eve in September, when night lingers
lone
Through a vineyard, from beams of a slow-set-
ting sun.
Eyes—the wistful gazelle's; the fine foot of a
fairy;
And a hand fit a fay's wand to wave,—white
and airy;
A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows.
Something in her there was, set you thinking
of those
Strange backgrounds of Raphael . . . that
hectic and deep
Brief twilight in which southern suns fall asleep.
.
Lucile had acquired that matchless, unconscious
appeal
To the homage which none but a churl would
withhold—
That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess.
From healthful repose, undisturb'd by the stress
Of unquiet emotions, her soft cheek had drawn
A freshness as pure as the twilight of dawn.

Her figure, though slight, had revived everywhere

The luxurious proportions of youth ; and her hair—

Once shorn as an offering to passionate love—

Now floated or rested redundant above

Her airy pure forehead and throat ; gather'd loose

Under which, by one violet knot, the profuse
Milk-white folds of a cool modest garment reposed,

Rippled faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed,

And her simple attire thus in all things reveal'd
The fine art which so artfully all things conceal'd.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

From "Lucile."

LUCRECE.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side, to want his bliss,
Between whose hills her head entombed is ;
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd, unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
 light,
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
 breath ;
 O, modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From " The Rape of Lucrece. "

LUCY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
 Thick with sister flowers beset,
 In a fragrant coronet,
 Lucy's servants this day bring.
 Be it the birthday wreath she wears
 Fresh and fair, and symboling

The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope !
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope !
Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you 've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow !

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place ;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

“Lucy's Birthday.”

LUELLEA.

KATE 's at her best in an apron,
Jinny 's bewitching by gas,
While Becky, in kitchen or parlor,
Is just the *ne plus* of a lass ;

But Katie and Jinny,
With Sadie and Minnie
And Becky and Bella,
Are not—not Luella.

Deb, in the choir of a Sunday,
Sings like a bird in the bough ;
Brisk Nan sits a saddle superbly,
And Betty's a charmer, somehow ;
But Debby and Nanny,
And Betty and Annie,
And Edna and Stella,
Are not—not Luella.

Fan is a sylph in a bonnet,
Nett has her dozens undone ;
Grave Addy would madden Adonis,
And Caddy is certain to stun ;
But Fanny and Addy,
And Nettie and Caddy,
And Hetty and Della,
Are not—not Luella.

Clara—the turn of her ankle ;
Dolly—her eyes and her smile !
And where is the match for Samantha
(Unless it be Molly) in style ?
But Clara and Dolly,
Samantha and Molly,

And Esther and Ella,
Are not—not Luella.

Heavens, what a reign of all graces !

Each is a queen in her way ;
And turning it over and over,
There 's only a word left to say :

Give me one and another
For this and the other,
But, O, for a “ fellah ”—
Luella ! Luella !!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

LULU.

A BIRTHDAY again !
But nothing I rue ;
No age can have terror
That brings to me—you.

If winged went the year,
None too swiftly it flew,
For 't was only its last
That revealed to me—you.

How many my years ?
Ah, dear, *if* you knew ;
But why count the ones
That were lived without—you !

Now time turns him backward,—
Indeed this is true,—
I'm just a year younger
Since I've known—you !

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

“ To Lulu : On One of My Birthdays.”

LYDIA.

BREAK forth, break forth, O Sudbury town,
And bid your yards be gay
Up all your gusty streets and down,
For Lydia comes to-day !

I hear it on the wharves below ;
And if I buy or sell,
The good folk as they churchward go
Have only this to tell.

My mother, just for love of her,
Unlocks her carved drawers ;
And sprigs of withered lavender
Drop down upon the floors.

For Lydia's bed must have the sheet
Spun out of linen sheer,
And Lydia's room be passing sweet
With odors of last year.

The violet flags are out once more
In lanes salt with the sea ;
The thorn-bush at Saint Martin's door
Grows white for such as she.

So, Sudbury, bid your gardens blow,
For Lydia comes to-day ;
Of all the words that I do know
I have but this to say.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

LYNETTE.

A DAMSEL of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes ; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

From "Gareth and Lynette."

MABEL.

FAIR Mabel bids me sing to-night !
Should Mabel plead in vain ?
Dear Muse, when lovely lips invite,
Ah ! sweet should be the strain ;

So lend my lyre a blyther lay,
Whose winsome glee shall flow
As lightly as the winds at play,
Where summer roses blow.

Fair Mabel bids me sing to-night !
In days of old romance,
The minstrel sang for Beauty bright,
The gallant broke a lance ;
And both in homage proudly knelt
To loveliness and grace—
Ah, luckless age ! it never felt
The charm of Mabel's face !

Fair Mabel bids me sing to-night !
Her voice is low and pure ;
Oh, who can hear that voice aright,
And yield not to its lure ?
Or who can meet those peerless eyes
That dim the vestal's flame,
And never feel a yearning rise
To win a poet's name ?

Fair Mabel bids me sing to-night !
Ah, could my numbers chime
With Herrick's grace, or vie in flight
With Waller's courtly rhyme ;
Oh, I would voice a strain to match
Her every lissome wile ;

And centuries to come should catch
The splendors of her smile.

Fair Mabel bids me sing to night ;—
Alas ! she pleads in vain !
The muse hath winged a silent flight
Beyond the silver main.
A song for Mabel were too sweet
For mortal ears to know ;
I only catch its rhythmic beat
When Dreamland zephyrs blow.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

MABEL.

I N the woods young Mabel stands—
Loitering by an opening ;
Ferns and flowers are in her hands—
Just this morning's blossoming ;
Blue sky to the fir-tops bends,
To see fair Mabel loitering.

The heavens, methinks, are glad to see
Grace and beauty such as hers ;
Methinks the pines would neighbors be
Long time—and larch and sombre firs ;—
For such a bit of jollity
Is not in all the universe.

They are sad, and sigh, and moan—
 Never laugh, a pleasant laugh ;
 But she is glad, as if alone
 Of all Earth's gladness she were half.
 Hear their pining monotone
 Stilled to make way for her laugh !

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ”—a liquid note,
 Like a brook within a dell,
 Or a wood-thrush in his grot,
 Singing—just where, none can tell ;
 See her pretty, pearly throat,
 With her bosom fall and swell !

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

MADLINE.

A CASEMENT high and triple-arched there
 was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
 grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,

And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of
queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry
moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and
boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross, fair amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint ;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven :—Porphyro grew
faint :
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives ; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees ;
Uncclasps her warmèd jewels one by one ;
Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is
fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppièd warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-
 day ;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;
 Claspèd like a missal where swart Paynims
 pray ;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
 again.

JOHN KEATS.

From "The Eve of St. Agnes."

MADELINE.

I.

THOU art not steeped in golden languors,
 No tranced summer calm is thine,
 Ever varying Madeline.
 Thro' light and shadow thou dost range
 Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
 Delicious spites and darling angers,
 And airy forms of flitting change.

2.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
 Thou art perfect in love-lore.
 Revelings deep and clear are thine
 Of wealthy smiles ; but who may know
 Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
 Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
 Who may know?
 Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
 Light-glooming over eyes divine,
 Like little clouds, sun-fringed, are thine,
 Ever varying Madeline.
 Thy smile and frown are not aloof
 From one another,
 Each to each is dearest brother :
 Hues of the silken sheeny woof
 Momently shot into each other.
 All the mystery is thine ;
 Smiling, frowning, evermore,
 Thou art perfect in love-lore,
 Ever varying Madeline.

3.

A subtle, sudden flame,
 By veering passion fann'd,
 About thee breaks and dances
 When I would kiss thy hand,

The flush of anger's shame
 O'erflows thy calmer glances,
 And o'er black brows drops down
 A sudden-curved frown,
 But when I turn away,
 Thou, willing me to stay,
 Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest ;
 But, looking fixedly the while,
 All my bounding heart entanglest
 In a golden-netted smile ;
 Then in madness and in bliss,
 If my lips should dare to kiss
 Thy taper fingers amorously,
 Again thou blushest angrily ;
 And o'er black brows drops down
 A sudden-curved frown.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

MADGE.

YOUR cheeks were a-glowing with roses,
 Your hair was a ripple of gold :
 Away with the pain that discloses
 The love that I bore you of old !
 You taught me to whirl to the measure
 Of waltzes and schottisches, too,
 The knowledge has given me pleasure,
 Miss Madge, and I owe it to you !

With fingers as light as a fairy,
You thrummed on the ivory keys ;
With badinage, blithesome and airy,
You taught me to be at my ease,
And join in your melody, ringing,
And thrilling my heart through and through :
So now I am lauded for singing,
Miss Madge, and I owe it to you !

A worldly wise beauty of twenty,
Who many a conquest had seen,
Of lovers you surely had plenty,
Why toy with a lad of eighteen ?
Your manner, bewitching and artless,
Ensnared me for aye, as you knew ;
And now I am bitter and heartless,
Miss Madge, and I owe it to you !

F. S. BROWN.

“ Miss Madge.”

MAGGIE.

HER face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays !
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise ;
For why ? Her face with heaven's own roses
shone,

Mocking the morn, and witching men to
gaze ;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked
beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling ;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tan-
gling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden
hairs.

Her eye was as an honored palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance ;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honor from the glance ;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance !
'T was such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each
tender bard !

WILLIAM TENNANT.

From "Anster Fair."

MARCELLA.

EYES justly levelled, searching yet sedate,
A marble brow enthroning a still light,
A cheek that neither seeks nor shuns our sight,
A form severely fair, on which aye wait
All natural emblems of unboastful state ;
A step reserved, yet steadied by the might
Of fearless frankness, garments dark as night,
A breast the Loves in vain would penetrate—
Thou hast no wishes : for the vestal Spirit
As with a beaming breastplate doth repel
Whate'er of troubled joy with her would dwell.
The brave with thee approval find, not merit :
Thy first of duties deem'st thou this—to scorn
What is not of the Immortals born.

AUBREY DE VERE.

MARGARET.

I.

O SWEET pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower ?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower ?

From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
 From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
 Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
 Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
 Of dainty sorrow without sound,
 Like the tender amber round,
 Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

2.

You love, remaining peacefully,
 To hear the murmur of the strife,
 But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmèd sea,
 Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, always
 Remaining betwixt dark and bright :
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
 Come to you, gleams of mellow light
 Float by you on the verge of night.

3.

What can it matter, Margaret,
 What songs below the waning stars

The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang looking thro' his prison bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?

4.

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,
You are not less divine,
But more human in your moods,
Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
Your hair is darker, and your eyes
Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue,
And less aërially blue,
But ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-woful sympathies.

5.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me speak ;

Tie up the ringlets on your cheek ;
The sun is just about to set.
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen,
Moving in the leafy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you sit between
Joy and woe, and whisper each.
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-eaves,
Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

MARGERY.

TELL you every feature
Of so sweet a creature !
What a fool I 'd be
To wake the whole world up to see
Pretty, pretty Margery !

Blue eyes full of twinkles,
Hair in cutest krinkles,
Dimples—Cautiously !
I fear that you begin to see
Little witching Margery.

Well, then, tell me whether
Two rosebuds together
Could shape lips di-v—
But that is making much too free
With the charms of Margery.

Something of a notion
Of her brooky motion,
That were safe : her fee—
No, no ; another word, ah me,
And the end of Margery !

Such a throat ! thereunder,
Why, the gods would wonder
As they gazed : a b—
Bless me, stop there, decidedly ;
How she 'd blush, would Margery !

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

MARGUERITE.

FAIR Marguerite, the red of parted lips
Grows deeper, and the glory of thy brow
More glorious yet, as lowered lids allow
Swift glances, fleeting, but as sweet as sips
Of honey from the hearts of flowers. So
now,

Poised in the halo of the sun that dips
 Behind the empurpled hills, thy presence
 seems
The realized perfection of my dreams.

Sweet, silent Marguerite ! How may I name
 The hundred-tinted shadows of thy hair ?
 Or count the liquid lights of eyes as rare
As polished pearls beneath white jets of flame,
 Or soft stars scintillant through lambent
 air
In the hushed night ? How, seeing thee, proclaim
 The love I fain would bring, a sacrifice
 To offer at the altar of thine eyes ?

Nay, Marguerite, I cannot ; for the soul
 That reigns transcendent in the dwelling-
 place
 Of thy fair form, irradiates thy face
With lustre pure as words writ on the scroll
 Of God's own law. I would not dare
 erase
One faintest tracery, although the goal
 Which whispered words of love ensured to
 me
Should be an answering whisper felt by
 thee.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

MARGUERITE.

LIFT up thy timorous eyes to mine,
O Marguerite !

Thy pensive head's demure incline,
And glance discreet ;

And from those azure depths, dispense
One gracious gleam

Of heaven and holy innocence,
To light love's dream.

From chariest store of smiles vouchsafe
One—only one ;—

For mergèd heart, the merest waif,
To seize upon ;

And from thy calm and coy lips' curve,
And lily face,

In lovely virginal reserve,
Shed heart of grace.

Lo ! Cupid, lying in ambush !

Through sudden start—

Through shame's surprised and conscious
blush,

Faint soul takes heart ;

Through flooding of thine eyes' sunshine,
Thy shyness sweet,

Love's wary ways—I know thee mine,
O Marguerite !

MARGARET C. BISLAND.

MARIAN.

SHE was not white nor brown,
 But could look either, like a mist that
 changed
 According to being shone on more or less ;
 The hair, too, ran its opulence of curls
 In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor left you
 clear
 To name the color. Too much her hair perhaps
 (I 'll name a fault here) for so small a head,
 Which seemed to droop on that side and on this,
 As a full-blown rose uneasy with its weight
 Though not a wind should trouble it. Again,
 The dimple in the cheek had better gone
 With redder, fuller rounds ; and somewhat
 large
 The mouth was, though the milky little teeth
 Dissolved it to so infantine a smile.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From "Aurora Leigh."

MARIE.

I.

MARIE draws near :
 I seem to hear
 The shy approach of dreamy innocence :

As if—brown leaves her crown—
A dryad should step down
From some dim oak-tree where the woods are
dense.

II.

Marie's with me :
I seem to see
The brambles blossom where just touched her
dress :
For, as the whole spring glows
In one wild, woodland rose,
In her for me lives all life's loveliness.

MADISON CAWEIN.

MARIE.

FOR thee was always my awakening thought,
For thee the prayer that soothed me ere I
slept,
For thee the smiles that Hope but seldom
brought,
For thee the many bitter tears I wept.

For thee my life I gladly would cast down,
And for thy love would pay Death's fatal
price,
Thou, my sweet consolation and my crown,
Thou, my despair, my hope, my Paradise.

For thee, oh my unsullied, stainless goal,
I live to-day ! and for one perfect kiss
From thy warm lips I would give forth my soul
And life in worlds hereafter and in this.

For thee, from sin I would not even shrink,
For thee, I would not tremble before death,
For thee I 'd perish, if I once could sink
And die upon the perfume of thy breath.

Thou art my hope, my future, and my past,
Thou art my sweetest torture and delight,
Thou art my only love, the first, the last,
Thou art my radiant dawn, my starry night.

Spurn not my passion that will e'er abide,
Boundless and vast and constant as the sea,
But rather pity in thy conscious pride
A love more strong than death itself, for
thee.

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

"For Thee. To Marie B."

MARION.

LITTLE Maid Marion, Rose in June,
What breath of prophecy comes and goes,
And stirs your heart like a vagrant tune
Till the deepening bloom on your soft cheek
glows,

And your blue eyes shine like the morning sky
 Just alight with the morning star—
 Hopeful and happy and sweet and shy,
 While day and its glare are yet afar?

Have you heard a name that we do not hear
 And set it to music all your own?
 Has there come to you in a vision, Dear,
 A face that only your eyes have known?

Or is it still but a wandering voice
 That whispers you something vague and
 sweet,
 Of days of wooing and days of choice,
 And hearts that meet as the waters meet,—

Days that will come to you, Rose in June,—
 Days that will test you, and try you and
 show
 The sacredest meaning, the secretest tune,
 Of all that your maidenly heart can know?

They will leave you not as they find you,
 Dear,—
 The morning star gives place to the sun ;
 But your blue eyes meet me, faithful and clear,
 I can trust your soul, when the dream is
 done.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

“Maid Marion.”

MARTHA.

TRANSFIXED and spitted in my heart
By Mistress Martha's eyes, their dart,
Which has within me raised a great
Commotion and uneasy state.

Or are they black or are they blue
I know not any more than you,
Nor could I for a wager say
If they be hazel, brown, or gray.

But when it comes to diagnosis
Of what the outcome of their use is,
Full, comprehensive, and exact
Is my conception of the fact.

When first their witchery has begun
You might be saved if you would run ;
But who would look for cause for fear
In depths so limpid, calm, and clear.
Too soon, poor fool, you find you've stayed
Till it 's too late to be afraid.

Alas for him who thus misreckons
For friendly lights mistaking beacons.
Better it were if he had found
Clarence, his fate, in Malmsey drowned,

Than, Mistress, in thine eyes to sink,
Nor make a tear o'erflow its brink.

E. S. MARTIN.

"Of Mistress Martha : Her Eyes."

MARY.

IS thy name Mary, maiden fair ?
Such should, methinks, its music be ;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee ;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair ;
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare ;
And she who chains a wild bird's wing
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown :
When evening shades the silent walls,
Then read it all alone ;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"L'Inconnue."

MARY.

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banuers fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
 It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

“ Bonnie Mary.”

MARY.

DEAR honored name, beloved for human ties,
 But loved and honored first that One was
 given
 In living proof to erring mortal eyes
 That our poor earth is near akin to heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning : one of grace,
And born of our kind advocate above ;
And one by memory linked to that dear face
That blessed my childhood with its mother-
love,

And taught me first the simple prayer, "To
thee,
Poor banished sons of Eve, we send our cries ;"
Through mist of years, those words recall to
me
A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

And yet, to some the name of Mary bears
No special meaning and no gracious power ;
In that dear word they seek for hidden snares,
As wasps find poison in the sweetest flower.

But faithful hearts can see, o'er doubts and fears,
The Virgin link that binds the Lord to earth ;
Which to the upturned, trusting face appears
A more than angel, though of human birth.

The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night
The rays of hidden sun to rise to-morrow ;
So unseen God still lets His promised light,
Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

MARY.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“She Was a Phantom of Delight.”

MATILDA.

AS airy and blithe as a blithe bird in air,
And her arch rosy lips, and her eager blue
eyes,
With their little impertinent look of surprise,
And her round youthful figure, and fair neck
below
The dark drooping feather, as radiant as snow,—
I can only declare, that if I had the chance
Of passing three days in the exquisite glance
Of those eyes, or caressing the hand that now
petted
That fine English mare, I should much have
regretted
Whatever might lose me one little half-hour
Of a pastime so pleasant, when once in my
power ;

For, if one drop of milk from the bright Milky
Way
Could turn into a woman, 't would look, I dare
say,
Not more fresh than Matilda was looking that
day.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

From "Lucile."

MATILDA.

WREATHED in its dark-brown rings,
her hair

Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half reveal'd to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale ;
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was express'd
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,

That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye ;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resign'd ;
'T is that which Roman art has given
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.
In hours of sport that mood gave way
To fancy's light and frolic play ;
And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doating sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From "Rokeby."

MAUD.

I.

A VOICE by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall !
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call !
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

II.

Maud with her exquisite face,
 And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
 And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
 Maud in the light of her youth and grace,
 Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,
 Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and
 mean,
 And myself so languid and base.

III.

Silence, beautiful voice,
 Be still, for you only trouble the mind
 With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
 A glory I shall not find.
 Still! I will hear you no more,
 For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
 But to move to the meadow and fall before
 Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
 Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
 Not her, not her, but a voice.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

MAY.

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel
 be seen ;
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has
 been ;

But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood
sae green,
And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my
dear,
For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer ;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps
in view,
For it 's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny
mou ;
The hyacinth 's for constancy, wi' its unchang-
ing blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily
there ;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller
gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o'
day,

But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
 tak' away ;
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star
 is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een
 sae clear ;
 The violet 's for modesty which weel she fa's to
 wear,
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o'
 luve,
 And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear,
 by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
 ne'er remove,
 And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

ROBERT BURNS.

“The Posie.”

MEANDREA.

MEANDREA'S bonnet on a peg!—it wakes
 My heart to beat till it nigh breaks—
 With bows pinned on ; ah me !
 What woman ever pinned them on as she?—

And hollyhocks like any garden :
I dare to gaze and ask no pardon :
I vow, oh yes, I vow it—
My love, I will avow it.

She may toss back her sweet head, having on it
A pile of feathers, or its bonnet,
And strike quite through poor me
With her rash eyes ;—could she so cruel be ?
And yet, when I turn crimson trying
With Lord Mariff to be a-vieing,
Close to his ear she twitters
Behind her fan, and titters.

I will Meandrea marry, that I will ;
And strut about in fluted frill,
And cut a dash, and see
Her titter back behind her fan with me :
And I bow off Mariff so finely—
She can but own I bow divinely—
I vow, I vow I will it :
I vow and will fulfil it.

Meandrea's face I see within the bonnet
As if the thing were on it ;
I practise, so you see ;
I bow ; I bow before it gracefully ;
Surely when I am dressed in filagree
She will smile now on me,

Now I have caught the knack,
Who peeps at yonder crack ?

Meandrea entering at the door, ah sakes !
And now she upon me breaks
With Lord Mariff, ah me !
Strutting in all his high-flown majesty
In froth and fluff of senseless jargon—
It was a pretty, pretty bargain
I drove with Fate, for now
Too late I learn to bow.

Meandrea giggles outright ; bother on it !
Had I practised toward some other bonnet
Elsewhere, she had never
Dreamed, although so mighty deft and clever,
How I became so very polished,
Nor had my heart been so demolished :
It is demolished, oh I vow it—
My love ? dare I avow it ?

“ Ah Me ! ”

GEORGE KLINGLE.

MÉLANIE.

WHEN first I heard thy soft, Gallian name,
I pictured thee before my dreaming eyes
In some such lovely shape as sudden came
With sound of syllables in Gascon guise.

But when I saw thee first,—when first thy
mouth

Yielded its rosy curves in amorous smile,
Revealed the vagrant dimples ambushed there,—

The vision I had conjured erst awhile
Was lost in mortal form so laughing fair
That it might symbolize the Mænad South :

A glowing maiden with dishevelled hair
Fleeing a low, white forehead, shading eyes
Within whose depths the warmth of summer
lies

Steeped in the melting blue of Garonne skies !

W. L. BRIGHAM.

MELISSA.

AN open-hearted maiden, true and pure.

If I could love, why this were she : how
pretty

Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish :

Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring
pride,

Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

From " The Princess."

MELISSA.

OF time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heaven night's envious shade
That I once more may, pleased, survey
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn ;
In order at the eastern gate
The Hours to draw thy chariot wait ;
Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around th' expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All Heaven's vast concave flames with light ;

So, when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendor vie,
Increasing to the mental eye :

Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer ;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

"Ode to Aurora, on Melissa's Birthday."

MIGNON.

ACROSS the gloom the gray moth speeds
To taste the midnight brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew.

The stars seem kind,
And e'en the wind
Hath pity for my woe,
Ah, must I sue in vain, *ma belle* ?
Say no, Mignon, say no !

Ere long the dawn will come to break
The web of darkness through ;
Let not my heart unanswered ache
That beats alone for you.

Your casement ope,
And bid me hope,
Give me one smile to bless,
A word will ease my pain, *ma belle* ;
Say yes, Mignon, say yes !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

MIGNONNE.

AT morning, from the sunlight
I shall miss your sunny face
Leaning, laughing, on my shoulder
With its careless infant grace ;
And your hand there,

With its rosy, inside color,
And the sparkle of its rings ;
And your soul from this old chamber
Missed in fifty little things,
When I stand there.

And the roses in the garden
Droop stupid all the day,—
Red, thirsty mouths wide open,
With not a word to say !
Their last meaning

Is all faded, like a fragrance
From the languishing late flowers,
With your feet, your slow white movements,
And your face, in silent hours,
O'er them leaning.

And, in long, cool, summer evenings,
I shall ever see you, drest
In those pale violet colors
Which suit your sweet face best.
Here's your glove, child,

Soiled and empty, as you left it,
Yet your hand's warmth seems to stay
In it still, as though this moment
You had drawn your hand away,
Like your love, child,

Which still stays about my fancy.
See this little, silken boot,—
What a plaything! Was there ever
Such a slight and slender foot?
It is strange, now,

How that, when your lips are nearest
To the lips they feed upon
For a summer time, till bees sleep,
On a sudden you are gone?
What new change, now,

Sets you sighing . . . eyes uplifted
To the starry night above?
“God is great . . . the soul's immortal—
Must we die, though? . . . Do you love?
One kiss more, then :

“Life might end now!” . . . And next
moment
With those wicked little feet
You have vanished,—like a Fairy
From a fountain in the heat,
And all's o'er, then.

Well, no matter ! . . . hearts are break-
ing

Every day, but not for you,
Little wanton, ever making
Chains of rose, to break them through.
I would mourn you,

But your red smile was too warm, Sweet,
And your little heart too cold,
And your blue eyes too blue merely,
For a strong, sad man to scold,
Weep, or scorn you.

For that smile's soft, transient sunshine
At my hearth, when it was chill,
I shall never do your name wrong,
But think kindly of you still ;
And each moment

Of your pretty infant angers,
(Who could help but smile at . . . when
Those small feet would stamp our love out?)
Why, I pass them now, as then,
Without comment.

Only, here, when I am searching
For the book I cannot find,
I must sometimes pass your boudoir,
Howsoever disinclined ;
And must meet there

The gold bird-cage in the window,
Where no bird is singing now ;
The small sofa and the footstool,
Where I miss . . . I know not how . . .
Your young feet there,

Silken-soft in each quaint slipper ;
And the jewelled writing-case,
Where you never more will write now ;
And the vision of your face,
Just turned to me :—

I would save this, if I could, child,
But that 's all . . . September 's here !
I must write a book : read twenty :
Learn a language . . . what 's to fear ?
Who grows gloomy

Being free to work, as I am ?
Yet these autumn nights are cold.
How I wonder how you 'll pass them !
Ah . . . could all be as of old !
But 't is best so.

All good things must go for the better,
As the primrose for the rose.
Is love free ? why so is life, too !
Holds the grave fast ? . . . I suppose
Things must rest so.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

MIGNONNE.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY FORM.

MIGNONNE, whose face bends low for my
caressing,

New and unknown to-night thy beauty
seemeth ;

Dimly I read thine eyes as one who
dreameth.

The moonlight yester-eve fell soft in blessing,
That coldly now across thy bright hair
gleameth :

Mignonne, whose face bends low for my caress-
ing,

New and unknown to-night thy beauty
seemeth.

As penitent, low-voiced, his sins confessing,
Pleads where the light of the high altar
streameth,

I speak to thee, whose love my love re-
deemeth.

Mignonne, whose face bends low for my caress-
ing,

New and unknown to-night thy beauty
seemeth ;

Dimly I read thine eyes as one who
dreameth.

SOPHIE JEWETT.

MILDRED.

WE laughed at Mildred's laugh, which made
All melancholy wrong ; its mood
Such sweet self-confidence display'd,
So full a sense of present good.
Her faults my fancy fired ;
My loving will, so thwarted, grew ;
And, bent on worship, I admired
All that she was, with partial view.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

From "The Angel in the House."

MILDRED.

WHERE Mildred moves, come clouldless
skies,
And airs with perfume filled,
Or, if a cloud perchance should rise,
Her glance its gloom will gild.

She goes, and bleaker blows the wind,
The flowers less sweetly spring,
The vine with sadder leaf is twined,
The birds less gaily sing.

The river glides by marge and isle,
The cliffs look beetling down ;

On yesterday they seemed to smile,
And now they wear a frown.

By tender retrospect upborne,
Parting should have no pain ;
But still our yearning hearts will mourn
Till Mildred come again.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON.

MIMI.

MIMI, do you remember—
Don't get behind your fan—
That morning in September
On the cliffs of Grand Manan ;
Where to the shock of Fundy
The topmast harebells sway,
(*Campanula rotundi-*
foli : cf. Gray) ?

On the pastures high and level,
That overlook the sea,
Where I wondered what the devil
Those little things could be
That Mimi stooped to gather,
As she strolled across the down,

And held her dress skirt rather—
Oh, now, you need n't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,
And your boots, I know, were thin ;
So a little extra brevi-
ty in skirts was, sure, no sin.
Besides, who minds a cousin ?
First, second, even third—
I 've kissed 'em by the dozen,
And they never once demurred.

“ If one 's allowed to ask it,”
Quoth I, “ ma belle cousine,
What have you in your basket ? ”
(Those baskets white and green
The brave Passamaquoddies
Weave out of scented grass,
And sell to tourist bodies
Who through Mount Desert pass.)

You answered, slightly frowning,
“ Put down your stupid book—
That everlasting Browning !—
And come and help me look.
Mushroom you spik him English,
I call him champignon ;
I 'll teach you to distinguish
The right kind from the wrong.”

HENRY A. BEERS.

MINNIE.

O CRYSTAL Well,
Play daintily on golden sands,
When she comes at morning lonely,
Followed by her shadow only,
To bathe those little tender hands,
All aweary gathering
Seeds to make her blue bird sing.
O crystal Well !

O Forest brown,
Breathe thy richest twilight balm,
As she wanders, pulling willow
Leaflets for her fragrant pillow,
Which with snowy cheek and calm
She shall press with half-closed eyes
While the great stars o'er thee rise,
O Forest brown !

O Lady Moon,
Light her, as she mounts the stair
To her little sacred chamber,
Like a mother ; and remember
While she slumbers full of prayer,
Sweetly then to fill her heart
With dreams of heaven, where thou art,
O Lady Moon !

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

MINNIE.

A PICTURE-FRAME for you to fill,
A paltry setting for your face,
A thing that has no worth until
You lend it something of your grace,

I send (unhappy I that sing
Laid by awhile upon the shelf)
Because I would not send a thing
Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas !
(Dumb thing, I envy its delight)
'T will wish you well, the looking-glass,
And look you in the face to-night.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

“To Minnie, with a Hand-Glass.”

MIRANDA.

FERDINAND.—Admired Miranda !

Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What 's dearest to the world ! Full many a
lady
I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
age

Brought my too diligent ear : For several virtues

Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"The Tempest."

MIRANDA.

SOME other clime you knew,
Some foreign land knew you
When first you shook your curls upon the wind ;
In Grecian meadows sweet,
You set your girlish feet,
Or laughed in lakes Italian as the parted grass
you thinned.

No daughter of the snow,
No northern bud could blow
Into a gold-crowned blossom, lace-enswathed ;
The soft and sunny South
Has surely framed that mouth,

The fervid East that glowing skin, those languid limbs, has bathed.

Although your hair be gold,
It holds no hint of cold,
But rather guards a bright and secret flame ;
I see from my low place
A curl lie on the lace—
It harbors light and warmth that put yon brazen
bowl to shame !

S. FRANCES HARRISON.

From "To Miranda."

MIRANDA.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are drest in all the pride of May ;
The birds on every spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove ;

But ah ! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me ;
All lonely in the secret shade
I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honor fair !
Serenely sweet as vernal air !
Come to my arms ; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.

O come ! and to my bleeding heart
 Thy sovereign balm of love impart ;
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring !

WILLIAM FALCONER.

“Address to Miranda.”

MIRIAM.

IMMORTAL name ! Recalling to our thoughts,
 Victorious anthems sung by maidens fair ;
 Music of harp and timbrel sounding forth
 Triumphant strains upon the desert air.

“Miriam !” One of the illustrious three
 Chosen by God to lead his people forth
 From Egypt’s bondage to a fruitful land,
 “The glory and the praise of the whole
 earth.”

“Miriam,” sweet friend, glory, and praise, and
 joy,
 Ne’er dreamed of in those morning twilight
 hours,
 E’en by those favored ones, these Gospel days
 Resplendent shed on Zion’s holy towers.

The Moslem, with his face towards the East,
May pray where Juda's gold-domed temple
stood ;

The wandering Bedouin may pitch his tent
By Jordan's stream or Galilee's fair flood.

Yet shall the Church, God's temple here below,
Stand fair and beautiful before the world,
A glory and a joy,—from her high towers,
The conquering banner of our Christ unfurled !

And lofty praises still, with harp and voice
Sound from her altars to Immanuel's name,
And still, 'mid those who love her, I behold,
Inscribed on her fair records, " Miriam."

SARAH MILLIGAN KIMBALL.

MOLLY.

O MOLLY BAWN, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you ?
The stars above are brightly shining
Because—they 've nothing else to do.
The flowers, late, were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you,
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash 'd—with dew.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine,
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear.
 And maybe you were made for mine !
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling—
 He takes me for a thief, you see ;
 He knows I 'd steal you, Molly darling—
 And then transported I should be.

SAMUEL LOVER.

“ Molly Bawn.”

MYRA.

I WITH whose colors Myra dress'd her head,
 I, I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play ?

I that on Sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet with true-love-knots in
 flowers,
 Which I to wear about mine arms was bound
 That each of us might know that all was
 ours ;
 Must I lead now an idle life in wishes,
 And follow Cupid for his waves and fishes ?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was
 named :
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go
 naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd ?

Was it for this that I might Myra see
 Washing the water with her beauties
 white ?
Yet would she never write her love to me.
 Thinks wit of change when thoughts are in
 delight !
Mad girls may safely love as they may leave ;
No man can print a kiss : lines may deceive.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

MYRTILLA.

THIS is the difference, neither more nor less,
 Between Medusa's and Myrtilla's face :
The former slays us with its awfulness,
 The latter with its grace.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

NANCY.

WE have dark lovely looks on the shores
where the Spanish

From their gay ships came gallantly forth,
And the sweet shrinking violets sooner will
vanish

Than modest blue eyes from our north ;
But oh ! if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin
Gathered round at her golden request,
There 's not one of them all that she 'd think
worth comparing

With Nancy, the pride of the west.

You 'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in
love with,

If you chanced on her musing alone,
Or some goddess great Jove was offended above
with,

And chilled to a sculpture of stone ;
But you 'd think her no colorless, classical
statue,

When she turned from her pensive repose,
With her glowing grey eyes glancing timidly at
you,

And the blush of a beautiful rose.

Have you heard Nancy sigh ? then you 've
caught the sad echo

From the wind harp enchantingly borne.

Have you heard the girl laugh ? then you 've
heard the first cuckoo

Carol summer's delightful return ;
And the songs that poor, ignorant, country folk
fancy

The lark's liquid raptures on high,
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of
Nancy,
Flowing up and refreshing the sky.

And though her foot dances so soft from the
heather

To the dew-twinkling tussocks of grass,
It but warns the bright drops to slip closer to-
gether

To image the exquisite lass ;
We 've no men left among us so lost to
emotion,

Or scornful, or cold to her sex,
Who 'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the
notion

To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet, for all that the bee flies for honey-dew
fragrant

To the half-opened flower of her lips,
And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed
vagrant,

To play with her pink finger-tips ;

From all human lovers she locks up the treasure
 A thousand are striving to taste,
 And the fairies alone know the magical measure
 Of the ravishing round of her waist.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

“Nancy, the Pride of the West.”

NANIE.

RED rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
 I'll gang and see my Nanie-o ;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
 And nane can do 't but Nanie-o.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie-o ;
 My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
 The world 's in love with Nanie-o ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie-o.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o ;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o ;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie-o.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o ;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o ;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie-o ;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie-o.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"My Nanie-o."

NANNY.

THERE's mony a flower beside the rose,
And sweets beside the honey ;
But laws maun change ere life disclose
A flower or sweet like Nanny.
Her ee is like the summer sun,
When clouds can no conceal it,

Ye 're blind if it ye look upon,
Oh ! mad if ere ye feel it.

I've mony bonnie lassies seen,
Baith blythesome, kind, an' canny ;
But oh ! the day has never been
I've seen another Nanny !
She's like the mavis in her sang,
Amang the brakens bloomin' ;
Her lips ope to an angel's tongue,
But kiss her, oh ! she's woman.

ALEXANDER HUME.

NATALIE.

I SIT beside the singing stream,
And watch the laughing ripples play,
And as I dream youth's golden dream,
I hearken to the words they say ;
For ever sing they unto me
In joyous cadence, " Natalie."

Hid deep within the leafy tree,
The thrush is singing to his mate,
And well I know the melody
Which thrills his happy soul elate ;
For e'er he warbles in his glee
One sweet name only, " Natalie."

I wander in the grove alone,
And breathe the fullness of the spring,
And every tree, responsive grown
To my heart's throb, is whispering
Within my ear—full soft, full free—
That one dear name of "Natalie."

And evermore, where 'er I be,
A fairy presence draweth near;
She fills my soul with ecstasy,
And each sweet sound that greets my ear
Doth guess my heart's felicity
And answers fondly, "Natalie."

HOWELL STROUD ENGLAND.

NELL.

NELL! Nell!

There is a poem in the very name,
One of those chance-born, soulful dreams
which start
To sudden being in a poet's heart
And leave him wondering from whence it came.

Nell! Nell!

The air is murmurous with the silvery sound;
The song-birds trill it, and the southern breeze

Which blows from sunny isles in sunny seas
Blends with and bears it onward, perfume
crowned.

Nell ! Nell !

The flowers whisper it unto the grass
(But only whisper it) ; the river's heart
Beats to the music, and the waves impart
Its melody unto the banks they pass.

Nell ! Nell !

The sunbeams trace it on the glinting leaves,
And the old forest-kings are minded when
Beneath their branches rode the mail-clad men
Of that dead age which sad-voiced Romance
grieves.

Nell ! Nell !

All nature echoes back thy name to me ;
Yet thou art but the memory of a dream,
A far-off vision which doth ever seem
Half real and half an idle phantasy.

OTTOMAR H. ROTHACKER.

NELLY.

BY Pinkie House oft let me walk,
While, circled in my arms,
I hear my Nellie sweetly talk,
And gaze on all her charms.

O let me ever fond behold
Those graces void of art,
Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold,
In willing chains, my heart !

O come, my love ! and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gracefulness of air, in you
By nature's hand designed.
That beauty like the blushing rose
First lighted up this flame
Which, like the sun, forever glows
Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquettes ! ye airy things !
How vain is all your art,
How seldom it a lover brings,
How rarely keeps a heart !
O gather from my Nelly's charms ;
That sweet, that graceful ease,
That blushing modesty that warms,
That native art to please !

Come then, my love ! O, come along !
And feed me with thy charms ;
Come, fair inspirer of my song !
Oh, fill my longing arms !
A flame like mine can never die
While charms so bright as thine,

So heavenly fair, both please the eye
And fill the soul divine !

JOSEPH MITCHELL.

“Pinkie House.”

NINA.

'T IS summer time ; the year 's at noon
In this bright leafy month of June,
But spring I see, methinks its grace
I read in this fair maiden's face,
So pure, so fresh, with limpid eyes
As brown and clear as streams that rise
In northern glens ; her locks have caught
The ruddy hue of pine-stems sought
By merry squirrels in their play.
Oh, what recalls sweet spring to-day
As this smooth brow with thoughts untold,
Which later days shall all unfold,
As these soft lips not yet compressed
With hidden griefs ? Her heart, at rest,
Is like a quiet pool at dawn ;
She is in her shy grace a fawn,
Unstartled yet by stranger's gaze
It greets the world with glad amaze.
We who have felt life's dust and heat
Are quick this breathing Spring to greet,

As travelers tread with joy the grass,
With eyes refreshed we onward pass.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

“To Nina (In June).”

NORA.

[LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises !
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,

Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases !
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina !
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they 're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
 Wit, tho' bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina !

THOMAS MOORE.

NORMA.

NORMA, of the sea-deep eyes,
 Full of loving magicries,
 Prithee, sweeting, do not wear
 Poppies in thy twilight hair—

Poppies through whose veins there run
Juices of oblivion—

Lest, perchance, thou shouldst forget

Love and all his deathless vows !

Rather would I have thee set

Rosemary above thy brows

In the shadows of thy hair,

Keeping sweet remembrance there !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

OLIVE.

O SUNSHINE in profoundest gloom,
To know that on the earth there dwells,
Somewhere, unseen, one woman whom
No noblest thought excels ;
And that by valor to resign,
I make her more than ever mine.

Too late, too late, I learn how sweet
'T would be to reach a noble aim,
And then fling fondly at your feet
The fullness of my fame.
Now—now,—I scarce know which is best,
To strive, or lay me down and rest.

O winter in the sunless land !
O narrowed day ! O darker night !

O loss of all that let me stand
 A giant in the fight !
 I dwindle ; for I see, and sigh,
 A mated bird is more than I.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From "The Human Tragedy."

OLIVIA.

DUKE.—O, when mine eyes did see Olivia
 first,
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence ;
 That instant was I turned into a hart :
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Twelfth Night."

PAMELA.

THE fair Pamela came to town,
 To London town in early summer.
 And up and down and round about
 The beaux discussed the bright new-comer,
 With "Gadzooks, sir," and "Ma'am, my duty,"
 And "Odds my life, but 't is a Beauty !"

To Ranelagh went Mistress Pam,
 Sweet Mistress Pam so fair and merry,
 With cheek of cream and roses blent,
 With voice of lark and lip of cherry.
 Then all the beaux vow'd 't was their duty
 To win and wear this country Beauty.

And first Frank Lovelace tried his wit,
 With whispers bold and eyes still bolder ;
 The warmer grew his saucy flame,
 Cold grew the charming fair and colder.
 'T was " icy bosom "—" cruel beauty "—
 " To love, sweet Mistress, 't is a duty."

Then Jack Carew his arts essayed,
 With honeyed sighs and feignèd weeping.
 Good lack ! his billets bound the curls
 That pretty Pam she wore a-sleeping.
 Next day these curls had richer beauty,
 So well Jack's fervor did its duty.

Then Cousin Will came up to view
 The way Pamela ruled the fashion ;
 He watched the gallants crowd about,
 And flew into a rustic passion.
 Left " Squire, his mark," on divers faces,
 And pinked Carew beneath his laces.

Alack ! one night at Ranelagh
 The pretty Sly-boots fell a-blushing ;

And all the mettled bloods look'd round
To see what caused that telltale flushing.
Up stepp'd a grizzled Poet Fellow
To dance with Pam a saltarello.

Then Jack and Frank and Will resolved,
With hand on sword and cutting glances,
That they would lead that Graybeard forth
To livelier tunes and other dances.
But who that saw Pam's eyes a-shining
With love and joy would see her pining?

And—oons! Their wrath cool'd as they looked—
That Poet stared as fierce as any!
He was a mighty proper man,
With blade on hip and inches many.
The beaux all vow'd it was their duty
To toast some newer, softer Beauty.

Sweet Pam she bridled, blush'd, and smiled—
The wild thing loved, and could but show it!
Mayhap some day you 'll see in town
Pamela and her grizzled Poet.
For sooth he taught the rogue her duty,
And won her faith, her love, her beauty.

ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON.

“Pamela in Town.”

PANSIE.

CAME, on a Sabbath noon, my sweet,
In white, to find her lover.
The grass grew proud beneath her feet,
The green elm leaves above her—
Meet we no angels, Pansie?

She said, "We meet no angels now,"
And soft lights streamed upon her;
And with white hand she touched a bough,
She did it that great honor—
What—meet no angels, Pansie?

O, sweet brown hat, brown hair, brown eyes,
Down-dropp'd brown eyes so tender;
Then what, said I? gallant replies
Seem flattery and offend her;
But—meet no angels, Pansie?

THOMAS ASHE.

PAULINE.

O THE smell of the coming Spring!
And O the blue of the sky!
As we wandered through the meadow-lands,
Pauline and I.

The golden curls on her girlish brow
Blew wild in the April breeze,
As she picked from the slopes that faced the
south
The early anemonies.

And her little hand was in my hand,
And her spring-time, childish words,
Seemed more the voice of the coming Spring,
Than the vernal song of birds.

Yet, O the note of the hermit-thrush,
And the whistle of the quail !
And O the flute of the robin's throat,
That swelled from a lowland vale !

And a blue-bird flitted across our path,
And sang from a swinging vine ;
But never a voice, O child of Spring,
As sweet to me as thine ;

And never the sound of a lilting stream,
And never a waterfall,
So light and soft as your childhood laugh,
Where the quail and the robin call.

For the golden air was dim with dreams,
And the world grew young with love,
And your childish heart felt the subtle touch
Of the blue, blue sky above.

Ah ! child, I love, as I love the Spring ;
 Though lightly I laughed with you,
 I felt the wedge of the fleeting years
 Cleave deep between us two,—

A tinge of the autumn-time, I knew,—
 The prescience of its rime ;
 But your own child-lips were still untouched
 By the withering lip of Time.

Far off, it seemed, were the singing birds,
 As I felt your hand's caress,
 Till the spring awoke in my troubled breast
 The old child-heartedness.

Then, O the song of the hermit-thrush,
 And the flute from the robin's throat !
 And O the wind on the meadow grass,
 And the blue-bird's distant note !

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

PEARL.

PEARL, O Pearl !
 Naught but a lissom English girl,
 So sweet and simple ;
 Naught but the charm of golden curl,
 Of blush and dimple—
 Pearl, O Pearl !

Sweet, ah, sweet !
 'T is pleasant lolling at your feet
 In summer playtime ;
 Ah, how the moments quickly fleet
 In sunny hay-time—
 Sweet, ah, sweet !

Dream, ah, dream !
 The sedges sing by swirling stream
 A lovely brief song ;
 The poplars chant in sunny gleam
 A lulling leaf-song—
 Dream, ah, dream !

Stay, O stay !
 We cannot dream all through the day,
 Demure and doubtful :
 When shines the sun we must make hay,
 When lips are poutful—
 Stay, O stay !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

PEGGY.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye ;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay !
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

ROBERT BURNS.

"My Peggy's Face."

PENELOPE.

PENELOPE, O witching maiden !
So partial to the meadow lanes,
Her pouting lips are richly laden
With kisses dipped in berry stains ;
She laughs and frowns—there's nothing in it !—
Uncertain as an April day,
Her moods they change 'most every minute,
Adorable Penelope !

Penelope, O witching maiden !

She roams beneath the rural skies,
Amid the woods all violet laden,
Reflections of her azure eyes !
A careless swing she gives her basket,
When from her lips a kiss I pray,
And mocks me thus : “ Why do you *ask* it ? ”
Adorable Penelope !

Penelope is very heartless,

Of sighing swains she has a score ;
And yet she is so very artless
I can not scorn—I must adore !
I’ll ask her, by the stars above me,
If all is well or lack-a-day ;
And if she whispers this : “ I love thee ! ”—
Adorable Penelope !

HAROLD MCGRATH.

“ Penelope : A Pastoral.”

PEPITA.

UP in her balcony where
Vines through the lattices run
Spilling a scent on the air,
Setting a screen to the sun,

Fair as the morning is fair,
 Sweet as the blossom is sweet,
 Dwells in her rosy retreat
 Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face,
 When the wind rustles the vine
 Parting the leaves for a space,
 Gladdens this window of mine,—
 Pink in its leafy embrace,
 Pink as the morning is pink,
 Sweet as a blossom I think
 Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
 Watch where Pepita is hid—
 Safe from the glare of the day
 Like an eye under its lid :
 Over and over I say,—
 Name like the song of a bird,
 Melody shut in a word,—
 “Pepita.”

Look where the little leaves stir !
 Look, the green curtains are drawn !
 There in a blossomy blur
 Breaks a diminutive dawn ;

Dawn and the pink face of her,—
Name like a lisp of the south,
Fit for a rose's small mouth,
Pepita !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

PERDITA.

FLORIZEL.— What you do
Still betters what is done. When you
speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish
you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From " A Winter's Tale."

PERDITA.

PERDITA stole my heart, she did! she
did!

And whirled and twirled me as she bid,
She did; and stamped her silken clogs at me
just when she would,
And shook her saucy head—you know she could,
And can,
Compel the heart of any man.

Perdita vowed she loved me. Mortal man
May doubt Perdita if he can,
He can; I could not, would not if I could, and
humbly vowed
To love her even in my sleety shroud,
And do,
And so, you know, would you.

Perdita's fancies have half driven me mad.
She really, truly is too bad,
Too bad, but so enchantingly, bewitchingly di-
vine,
And quite entirely mine
You see :—
I know you envy me.

Perdita's maid must twirl and quirl her hair
Like any pyramid in air :

Take care to twist it out again, and have it
spread to bleach
On pasteboard circle, where the sun may reach
And bake—
Gold locks of black locks make.

Perdita's clogs must be the richest kind
Of satin ones ; before, behind,
Soft-lined, and covered well with twists of fili-
gree ;
Her petticoats of satin must agree
With them
From waist to hem.

Perdita's fluffy skirts embroidered round,
Sleeves big enough for any gown,
I found must from Damascus come, or some far
heathen place,
Alack ! and then there was her corsage lace—
And is ;
Truly a shame it is !

If all San Marco's riches were but mine ;
If I with ducats did but shine,
And twine my fingers into gold at every lapping
fold
Where doublets could a single ducat hold,

I yet
Perdita's needs had never met.

Perdita scores my heart she does, she does ;
My ears are deaf with such a buzz,
A buzz, and when I would be sleeping sweetly
in my bed,
I must be twirling in some dance instead,
And smile
As if I liked the style.

Perdita yet will have me dead, she will ;
My limbs are lank ; I stoop until,
Until my breath it goes so weasened, when I
try to sing,
She tosses back her head, and laughs—the
wicked thing—
My hair?—
A dozen spears stand in the air.

Perdita vows if I should dare to die
She would detain me from the sky,
And fly beside me, but I know, for all, she
would not go,
She likes it mighty well below,
And soon
Would chant a different tune.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

PHILIRA.

FLY, fly, you happy shepherds, fly !
 Avoid Philira's charms ;
The rigor of her heart denies
 The heaven that 's in her arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
 Nor yielding, to be blessed :
Nature, who formed her eyes of fire,
 Of ice composed her breast.

Yet, lovely maid, this once believe
 A slave whose zeal you move ;
The gods, alas, your youth deceive,
 Their heaven consists in love.
In spite of all the thanks you owe,
 You may reproach 'em this,
That where they did their form bestow
 They have denied their bliss.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

From "The Provoked Wife."

PHILLIS.

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare ;

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad I did share,
While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were ;
I marked the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare ;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair !

ROBERT BURNS.

“ Phillis the Fair.”

PHŒBE.

PHŒBE sat,
 Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her,

White her brow,
Coy her eye ;
 Brow and eye how much you please me !
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent ;
 Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh, my love,
Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat
By a fount,
 Sitting by a fount I spied her :
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice :
 Touch and voice what may distain you ?
As she sang,
• I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh, mine eyes,
You did lose
 Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

Phœbe's flocks
White as wool,
 Yet were Phœbe's locks more whiter.
Phœbe's eyes
Dove-like mild,
 Dove-like eyes, both mild and cruel ;

Montan swears,
In your lamps,
 He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe, yield
Or I die :
 Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel ?

THOMAS LODGE.

“ Montanus' Sonnet.”

PHYLLIDA.

THE ladies of St. James's
 Go swinging to the play ;
Their footmen run before them,
 With a “ Stand by ! Clear the way ! ”
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
 She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
 Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
 Wear satin on their backs ;
They sit all night at *Ombre*,
 With candles all of wax :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
 She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
 Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's
 They are so fine and fair,
You 'd think a box of essences
 Was broken in the air ;
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
 The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning,
 Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's
 They're painted to the eyes ;
Their white it stays for ever,
 Their red it never dies :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
 Her color comes and goes ;
It trembles to a lily,—
 It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's
 You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
 Their phrases are so grand :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
 Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after raindrops
 The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's
 They have their fits and freaks ;

They smile on you—for seconds,
They frown on you—for weeks :
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep ;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

“ The Ladies of St. James's.”

PHYLLIS.

WHEN Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzled eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid, Love lies ;
In the soft curving lips I prize,
 Promise of rapture infinite,
 When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Italian skies,
 Clad only in the golden light,
 Calm in perfection's peerless might—
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
 When Phyllis laughs.

JOHN HAY.

POLLY.

WHO will show us any good ?
 Said a fool once in his folly ;
If he knows what thing is good,
 Let him come and see my Polly !
Who is Polly ? Blithe and gay
 Polly is the parson's daughter ;
 You may see her any day
 On the banks of Cluny water.

Who will show us any good ?
 Said a fool once in his folly,

In a sullen, sceptic mood,
 Sulky and self-centred wholly.
 If he had an eye to see
 Sights that banish melancholy,
 Let him come and feast with me
 On the blithe face of my Polly.

With a fairy foot she dances
 On the green, the parson's daughter,
 Like a sunbeam when it glances
 On the face of Cluny water ;
 Sweet as meadow hay in hay-time,
 Fresh and fair as Christmas holly,
 Light as birds that sing in May-time
 Is the sweet young soul of Polly !

Scholars seek for bliss in books,
 Gray and dry, and bloodless wholly ;
 I peruse the rosy looks
 And the sunny smiles of Polly.
 When she leaps with bounding glee,
 Like a trout in Cluny water,
 All the soul of joy in me
 Flows to meet the parson's daughter.

Balls and parties make a din,
 Pleasure trips a sounding clatter,
 But my triumph is to win
 A bright smile from the parson's daughter.

With much labor men prepare
Pills to purge all melancholy ;
I am wise to banish care
With a single look at Polly.

When my heart is sick with babble
Of the M.P.'s in the papers,
Where the Whig and Tory rabble
Mad with faction cut their capers,
I, like bird that knows his nest
On the bank of Cluny water,
Drown my sorrow on the breast
Of the parson's blooming daughter.

Some will pant for money, some
Posted high in public station,
Love with trumpet and with drum
To parade before the nation ;
Some will dice their lives away,
Some with wine are wildly jolly,
But I am happy all the day,
When I earn a kiss from Polly.

Who will show us any good ?
Look around and own your folly ;
In your veins nurse kindly blood,
And all you see is goodness wholly.
Nature loves the ruddy hue,
Hates pale-blooded melancholy,

Somewhere grows a rose for you,
As my rose I found in POLLY !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

PORTIA.

(ON HER PORTRAIT.)

BASSANIO.—What find I here ?
Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in
her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes—
How could he see to do them ? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished : Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Merchant of Venice."

PRISCILLA.

“OFT in my lonely hours have I thought of
the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world ; her father and
mother and brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going
and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the
bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to
myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels
in heaven,

Two have I seen and known ; and the angel
whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the
other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never
have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough
for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden
of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of
words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and
heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short
is my meaning ;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of
phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in
elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the plead-
ings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart
of a maiden."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

PRISCILLA.

AS trippingly as any bird in spring
She speeds across the newly fallen snow ;
I see the wanton wintry breezes blow
Her fair brown locks that round her forehead
cling,
And kiss her dewy lips, sweet murmuring,
And touch each cheek, a budding Jacque-
minot.

The dreary earth takes on a brighter glow,
Her presence is a joy to everything.

Yet seems she meek and shy and so demure,
With air of noble breeding, chaste and fine,
That they who chance her peaceful face
to scan,

Declare her one whose every thought is pure,
Not stern like those of her unbending line,
But a time-tempered, lovely Puritan.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

PRUDENCE.

“ DEAR Mr. Brown ”—I know she meant
“ Dear Jack ” ; that D with sentiment
Is overweighted.
Shy little love ! she did not dare ;
That flutter in the M shows where
She hesitated.

The darling girl ! what loving heed
She gives the strokes ; it does not need
Great penetration
To note the lingering, trusting touch ;
As if to write to me were such
A consolation.

“ *The flowers came ; so kind of you.*
A thousand thanks ! ” Oh, fie ! Miss Prue,
The line betrays you.
You know just there you sent a kiss ;
You meant that blot to tell me this,
And it obeys you.

"They gave me such a happy day.

I love them so." She meant to say,

"Because you sent them."

But then, you see, the page is small ;

She wrote in haste—the words—and all,—

I know she *meant* them.

"At night I kept them near me, too,

And dreamt of them," she wrote, "and you,"

But would erase it.

Did she but have one tender thought

That perished with the blush it brought,

My love would trace it.

"This morning all the buds have blown."

That flourish surely is "Your own" ;

'T is written queerly ;

She meant it so. Ah, useless task

To hide your love 'neath such a mask

As that "Sincerely."

"Prudence." Those tender words confess

As much to me as a caress ;

And, Prue, you know it.

But then, to tease me, you must add

Your other name, although you had

Scarce space to do it.

A dash prolonged across the sheet
 To close the note?—the little cheat,—
 No. When she penned it
 She meant its quavering length to say,
 That she could write to me for aye,
 And never end it.

Prue! Love is like the flame that glows
 Unseen till, lightly fanned, it grows
 Too fierce to quell it.
 And mine! Ah, mine is unconfessed;
 But now,—that dash and all the rest,—
 I'll have to tell it.

H. C. FAULKNER.

“Between the Lines.”

PSYCHE.

HER cheekes, the wonder of what eye beheld
 Begott betwixt a lily and a rose,
 In gentle rising plaines devinely swelled,
 Where all the graces and the loves repose.
 Nature in this peece all her workes excelled,
 Yet shewd herselfe imperfect in the close,
 For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse
 her)
 To give the world a witt might duly prayse her.

When that she spoake, as at a voice from
heaven

On her sweet words all ears and hearts
attended ;

When that she sung, they thought the planetts
seaven

By her sweet voice might well their tunes
have mended ;

When she did sighe, all were of joye be-
reaven ;

And when she smyld, heaven had them all
befriended ;

If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many
thrilled ;

O, had she kissed, how many had she killed !

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made

To be the servants to soe much perfection)

Joynd to a palme whose touch woulde streigh
invade

And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.

Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts
lade,

Made richer by soe sweet a soule's election.

O happy braceletts ! but more happy he

To whom those arms shall as a bracelett be !

WILLIAM BROWNE.

RACHEL.

YOU loved her, and would lie all night
 Thinking how beautiful she was,
 And what to do for her delight.

Now both are bound with alien laws :
 Be patient ; put your heart to school ;

Weep if you will, but not despair :
 The trust that nought goes wrong by rule
 Makes light a load the many bear.
 Love, if heav'n's heav'n, shall meet his dues,
 Though here unmatch'd, or match'd amiss ;
 Meanwhile, the gentle cannot choose
 But learn to love the lips they kiss.
 Ne'er hurt the homely sister's ears
 With Rachel's beauties : secret be
 The lofty mind whose lonely tears
 Protest against mortality.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

From "The Angel in the House."

REBECCA.

MY soul was sitting weary by the well
 When your small feet came twinkling to
 the brink ;
 I craved a draught, you curved your cool, white
 arm,
 And gave my soul to drink.

G. T. LANIGAN.

RHODA.

A PLEASANT thing on a sunny day
Has set her a-thinking,
As Rhoda merrily on her way
Goes winking, blinking,
Mindful of Asa raking down
The hillside rowen outside the town.

A drop of the æther's pure serene
Is Rhoda's thinking—
Akin to the blueness sometimes seen
Behind her winking,
Wonderful lashes that conceal
More of her heaven than they reveal.

Asa, finding the labor long
Of the hot hay-making,
Whiles the hour with an old, old song,
Timed to his raking—
A wooing song of that pleasant kind
Which the soul sends out for an absent mind.

Into the meadow Rhoda turns
And hears the singing ;
The blue drop under the blue deep burns,
And soft gates swinging,
Spite of the maiden's art, reveal
More of her heaven than they conceal.

Flash of the silver dust of stars
Is Rhoda's thinking,
Now that it shines beyond the bars
Of her happy winking,
Merrily blinking, lovelit eyes,
That cannot hide their new surprise.

Through the meadow into the wood
Now Rhoda fleeing
With bounding feet, in the solitude
Beyond his seeing
Would disentangle a soul ensnared,
That could not now be free, if it cared.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

ROBINA.

IF I had known Robina had been there—
That charming, wicked fair,
With high and mighty air—
If I had guessed
She would be so possessed
To have me dance
And prance
In such fantastic styles,
I had instead walked forty miles!

If I had known Robina had glanced round
Intent until she found,
And had me surely bound
To twirl about,
To whirl around, in doubt
At every jirk
And quirk
They pulled me dumbly through,
I had in running worn away each shoe !

If I had guessed Robina could have slid
Me, as she truly did,
To meshes neatly hid ;
To twist me so
From dizzy heel to toe,
And look askance,
And dance
Like shuttlecock blown round,
I would have flown above the ground !

If I had dreamed Robina could have twirled
Me helplessly, and curled
Her pretty lip to see me whirled,
As any leaf
Blown round, beyond belief
Through such a maze,
Ablaze
As any wick of flame,
She had not played her pretty game !

But, if Robina whirled me to her will,
And saw me twirled, until
They all had had their fill
Of sport so fine,
To-day the laugh is mine,
For I can dance,
Yes, prance
In such fantastic style
They stand aghast the while.

If then Robina laughed behind her fan,
To-day she sighs ; “That man
Can dance as any can :
Ten days ago
He played us false : ah, woe !
Surely he knew
Our cue
And seemed a very clown.
My heart, it aches beneath my gown !”

I was quite sure Robina would be there
Last night, and did prepare
To stab her to despair—
The wicked dear—
Determined to appear
Skilled in the art,
Apart
Whirled round, with will and might
By Chickabini taught through day and night !

I was quite sure Robina would be there,
And every jilty fair :
I do, indeed, declare
I was elate
To choose a maid in state,
And lead her by,
To fly
In such enchanting style,
Forgetful of all else the while !

I knew Robina would, behind her fan
Sigh then ; but heart of man
Must have, when yet it can,
Such sweet revenge :
I did myself avenge,
And strut and dance,
Nor glance
To let her know at all
I loved her spite of all !

And now I must Robina find, you see ;
Love of such quality
Defies authority
And stirs the mind.
I must Robina find
And make amends,
Be friends ;
For I would surely die
If she, in turn should pass me by !

GEORGE KLINGLE.

“ Robina's Meshes.”

ROMAINE.

“NO verse I’ve sent you”—is this your
 plaint?—

“Since those dear, early days.” I breathe
 them yet !

Do you recall those rhymes, how sorrow’s taint
 Touched every line? Or do you, Love, forget?
 While life is sweet, and hope flies on before,
 Here, read your poems in my eager eyes.
 Is love to fail, and hope be mine no more?

A wounded soul may rend the world with
 cries.

Thus, if no melting verses you receive,
 Count it not loss, but rather happy gain :
 It is enough to *live* when we *believe*.

The deathless poem is the voice of pain.

CORA STUART WHEELER.

ROMOLA.

SHE rose and sadly left Love’s ’chanted land,
 But one deep, searching gaze a-backward
 turned,

Then onward with her pallid face of woe,
 And eyes in which the fire of anguish burned.
 But ever and anon she paused and stood,
 Compelled to seek with eyes the fading land ;

And ever and anon grief's burning crept
Into the face new-born resolve made grand.

She saw the once great place where only now
A mocking ghost rose up within the throne ;
She saw the air with fleeing spirits filled,
The phantoms following laughing Love alone ;
She saw a lovely ship on Truth's clear lake
Sail down the waves and vanish into mist ;
She saw a figure, Trust, in violet robes,
Stand there alone, sole keeper of a tryst.

She saw two goblets of a shadowy gold
Stand emptied of their draughts of flashing
wine ;
She saw the birds, all drooping and unvoiced,
The dewdrops once, now crystallized to brine ;
She saw the flowers change into ashes gray,
And two sweet harps, devoid of glittering
strings ;
She saw the fountains, once so plashing bright,
Rush dreary by o'er dark and rocky springs.

And whiter grew her face, more shuddering
seemed
Her form, whilst pathos of a heart's despair
Gathered to cloud her pathway like to night,
And stifling make the new-found cheerless
air.

She onward sped, till with a last resolve,
 Stood calm, and, gazing with hot, tearless eyes,
Swept back her glance, as lovely Eve once did,
 When fleeing from her radiant Paradise.

Lo ! with a clash the gates of Love's land closed,
 And falling on her knees, she bitter moaned :
"Mocked, mocked by Love, whose Queen so
 late I reigned ;
 Now, exiled, I, all crownless and dethroned ;
And he, my former King, lies low in dust,
 A fallen god, who charged with golden glow,
Who but deceived my eyes, won my deep heart
 With arts which treacherous Fancy loves to
 throw.

"Mocked, mocked," she cried, " my joy and
 youth all gone,
 Exiled I wander from Love's sunny land ;
But, lo," uplifting proud her dusky eyes,
 "Is there no goal less beautiful, more grand—
Is there no goal whose silver stars point out
 True inspirations from each self apart,
Whose hopes and aims lead on to holier things
 Than housing only each a selfish heart ?

"Farewell, dear land, the mist is deepening
 o'er
Your space. I go—farewell—all self-exiled,

But not to seek the river dark Despair,—
 Rather to find a haven undefiled.”
 Uprose she then in queenly majesty,
 And on her crownless head she clasped her
 hands,
 Poor, trembling hands ; but passed she stately
 on,
 Heavy, but brave, to seek those other lands.
 And travellers, treading the same dreary road,
 A woman saw in silent, holy guise,
 In whose calm face peace symbolized itself,
 But wore a twilight in the dusky eyes.

BERTHA MAY IVORY.

“Romola—Self-Exiled.”

ROSA.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
 Will soon unlearn the lore it knew ;
 And when the shining casket's worn,
 The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
 Which sinks not with this chain of clay ;
 Which throbs beyond the chill control
 Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
 Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,

Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies !

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its *best* of treasures then !

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime ;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shall through thy mortal orbit stray ;
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
Shall linger round thy earthly way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And play around each starry gem ;
I'll bask beneath this lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity !

THOMAS MOORE.

“To Rosa.” Written during illness.

ROSALIND.

FROM the east to western Ind,
 No jewel is like Rosalind.
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.
 All the pictures, fairest lined,
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the fair of Rosalind.

.
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage ;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some, of violated vows,
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write ;
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore Heaven Nature charged
 That one body should be filled
 With all graces wide enlarged :
 Nature presently distilled

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised ;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"As You Like It."

ROSALIND.

I.

MY Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid
flight,
Stoops at all game that wing the skies,
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon, whither,
Careless both of wind and weather,
Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,
Up or down the streaming wind ?

II.

The quick lark's closest-carolled strains,
 The shadow rushing up the sea,
 The lightning flash atween the rains,
 The sunlight driving down the lea,
 The leaping stream, the very wind,
 That will not stay, upon his way,
 To stoop the cowslip to the plains,
 Is not so clear and bold and free
 As you, my falcon Rosalind.
 You care not for another's pains,
 Because you are the soul of joy,
 Bright metal all without alloy.
 Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,
 And flashes off a thousand ways,
 Through lips and eyes in subtle rays.
 Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright,
 Keen with triumph, watching still
 To pierce me through with pointed light ;
 But oftentimes they flash and glitter
 Like sunshine on a dancing rill,
 And your words are seeming-bitter,
 Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter
 From excess of swift delight.

III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,
 My gay young hawk, my Rosalind :

Too long you keep the upper skies ;
Too long you roam and wheel at will ;
But we must hood your random eyes,
That care not whom they kill,
And your cheek, whose brilliant hue
Is so sparkling-fresh to view,
Some red heath-flower in the dew,
Touched with sunrise. We must bind
And keep you fast, my Rosalind,
Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
And clip your wings, and make you love :
When we have lured you from above,
And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,
From North to South ;
Will bind you fast in silken cords,
And kiss away the bitter words
From off your rosy mouth.

ALFRED (LORD) TENNYSON.

ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines :
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;

The gods do fear them as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think,
Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity :
Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes ;
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,

Her body every way is fed,
 Yet soft of touch and sweet in view :
 Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
 Nature herself her shape admires ;
 The Gods are wounded in her sight ;
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :
 Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
 The absence of fair Rosaline,
 Since for a fair there 's fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine :
 Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !
 Heigh-ho, my heart ! would God that she were
 mine !

THOMAS LODGE.

ROSE.

ROSE, in the hedgerow grown,
 Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay
 Comes up from the fields new-mown,
 You know it—you know it—alone,
 So I gather you here to-day !

For here—was it not here, say ?—
 That she came by the woodland way,
 And my heart with a hope unknown
 Rose ?

Ah, yes !—with her bright hair blown,
And her eyes like the skies of May,
And her steps like the rose-leaves strown
When the winds in the rose-trees play,—
It was here,—O my love, my own
Rose !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ROSIE.

DOWN on the sands there strolls a merry
maid,
Aglow with ruddy health and gladsome glee;
She breasts the breezes of the summer sea,
And lets each zephyr trifle with each braid ;
Laughs gaily as her petticoats evade
Her girlish grasp and wildly flutter free,
As, bending to some boisterous decree,
The neatest foot and ankle are displayed.

Her youthful rounded figure you may trace,
Half pouting, as rude Boreas unfurls
A wealth of snowy frillery and lace,
A glory of soft golden-rippled curls.
Comes, blushing with a rare unconscious grace,
The bonniest of England's bonny girls !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

ROWENA.

A HEAP of mortar, brick, and stone,
O'ergrown with shrubs, o'errun with
vines :

That here was once a house and home,
How ill the careless sense divines,
Rowena Darling.

Not careless *his*, my friend's, who loves
To wander in familiar ways,
To talk of olden times, and—yes—
To celebrate your simple praise,
Rowena Darling.

Here, once upon a time, he tells,
There lived a girl unknown to fame ;
The country-side no sweeter knew ;
It could not know a sweeter name,—
Rowena Darling !

Here, where the birches' silver gleam
Shines where the hearth-fire used to blaze,
The hearth-stone still you can descry,
As smooth as in your loveliest days,
Rowena Darling.

Here whisks about the squirrel brown ;
Here thrush or robin comes and sings ;

But standing here, I can but think
Of other days and sweeter things,
Rowena Darling.

Here baked the apples in a row ;
Here cracked the chestnuts, ripe and sweet ;
Here—ah, I seem to see them now—
You warmed your pretty buskined feet,
Rowena Darling.

And here, when burned the embers low,
And old folks long had been asleep,
Your heart stood still to hear a voice
That whispered—Oh ! how warm and deep—
Rowena—Darling !

Alas, how many years have fled
Since hearth and heart were warm and bright,
And all the room and all the world
Glowed with your love's supreme delight,
Rowena Darling.

This rose-bush growing by the door,
Perhaps *you* planted long ago ;
I pluck and kiss, for your dear sake,
Its fairest, be it so or no,
Rowena Darling !

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

“Rowena Darling.”

RUTH.

TALL and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,
The freeborn child of Solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude,
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.
Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain
More from the sunshine than the rain ;
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,
A pure white brow into light is starting ;
And, where the folds of her blanket sever,
Are a neck and bosom as white as ever
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.
But in the convulsive quiver and grip
Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,
There is something painful and sad to see ;
And her eye has a glance more sternly wild
Than even that of a forest child
In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From "Mogg Megone."

RUTH.

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

SAIDA.

OH, loved for other charms than those
That mould thy faultless face ;
Oh, fairer than the mystic rose,
That o'er thy bosom plays !
Sweet maid, whose soul in beauty breaks,
As amber light the water wakes.

Not mine the joy that others know,
 Who drink thy loveliness,
Or wrapt in music, languid grow
 Beneath thy song's caress ;
Not mine through every vein to feel
The trembling flame of passion steal ;

Yet, Saida, who of all the throng,
 That whisper thee divine,
Would dare so much thy spirit wrong,
 As match his love with mine,
Who know no other heaven than thee,
Yet never hope that heaven to see?

Perforce with sorrow's subtle art
 Each cloistering feeling pure,
Each hidden thought that moves thy heart,
 Within my night I lure,
Until, through mist of blinding tears,
Thy sacred self of self appears.

Oh, airy step, as burdensome
 As morning's budding beam
To hopeless haunter of the tomb,
 Again into my dream,
Enchanted vision, creep again,
And look in sorrow on my pain.

WILLIAM T. WASHBURN.

SALLY.

WHOSE loveliness sing I? Why, Sally's,
sure.

Find me a little maid with brow more fair
And white, o'ertopped with such a crown of
sunny hair,

Well trained one ardent lover to allure ;
Yet eyebrow, ringlet, lovely forehead pure,
Must with her other charms the honor share,
O'ershadowing, not hiding beauties rare
Enough to make a siren's name endure.

I sing the splendor of her dark brown eyes
Whose every glance my bosom thrills.

Ye liquid deeps, ye orbs that look so wise,
I do adore you quite. Though passion fills
You now, yet not for me your beauty dies ;
And when a tear doth start, your sweetness kills.

FRANK MORTIMER HAWES.

SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe, of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love
 Is fair Samela ;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
 Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
 Of fair Samela.
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams ;
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony :
 Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty :
 For she 's Samela.
Pallas in wit,—all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
 Yield to Samela.

ROBERT GREENE.

SARA.

ONE kiss, dear maid ! I said and sighed—
 Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah, why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

You viewless wanderer of the vale,
The spirit of the western gale,

At morning's break, at evening's close,
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigor to the zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling ;
And he the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the rose's hue.
Bashful, lo ! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red !

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the op'ning rose :
O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well pleased I hear the whispered " No ! "
The whispered " No "—how little meant !
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent !
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of joy.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SIBYL.

THIS is the glamour of the world antique :
The thyme-scents of Hymettus fill the air,
And in the grass narcissus-cups are fair.
The full brook wanders through the ferns to
seek
The amber haunts of bees ; and on the peak
Of the soft hill, against the gold-marged sky,
She stands, a dream from out the days gone by.
Entreat her not. Indeed, she will not speak !
Her eyes are full of dreams ; and in her ears
There is the rustle of immortal wings ;
And ever and anon the slow breeze bears
The mystic murmur of the songs she sings.
Entreat her not ; she sees thee not, nor hears
Aught but the sights and sounds of bygone
springs.

JOHN PAYNE.

SILVIA.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crossed by thy pure hand :
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am profane.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SILVIA.

WHO is Silvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness ;
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

STELLA.

STELLA, whence doth these new assaults arise,
 A conquered, yeelding, ransackt heart to
 winne,

Whereto long since, through my long-battred
 eyes,
 Whole armies of thy beauties entred in ?
 And there, long since, Loue, thy lieutenant,
 lies ;
 My forces razde, thy banners raised within :
 Of conquest do not these effects suffice,
 But wilt new warre upon thine owne begin ?
 With so sweet voyce, and by sweet Nature so
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withal
 In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show,
 That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall
 Long since, forc'd by thy beames, but stone
 nor tree,
 By Sence's priuiledge, can scape from thee !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

From "Astrophel and Stella."

STELLA.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
 Fixed on earth or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others' woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminished grace.

If on her we see displayed
Pendant gems and rich brocade ;
If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence ;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same.
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she 's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make or more or less.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“An Ode to Stella.”

SUE.

SHE was a freak of Nature's joy,
And flow'ret wonder-pied,—
As startling as a pansy found
Black-leaved and golden-eyed.

Her voice was borrowed from the choir
That rings the vernal years ;
Her temper was ethereal fire
That calmed itself in tears.

Some nameless touch of God's delight
Fell on her, as she lay
An infant, dreaming heavenly dreams,
And never passed away.

Her laughter, many-voiced and full,
Had not one scornful strain :
Her eyes, that flashed defiant mirth,
Were tender and humane.

She wore the radiance of her youth
As though she felt it not ;
And while she held you with her speech,
Her beauty was forgot.

For soul to outward Beauty is
As Sun to dawning Day,
The rosy drapery vanish'd
Before the conquering ray.

'T was hers to move in fearlessness,
And throne herself at ease :
Too royal were her gifts, that she
Should condescend to please.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
“ Oh ! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew ? ”

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast—
If chance his mate’s shrill call he hear—
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William’s lip those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They ’ll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find ;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

“ If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“ Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s
eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rowed to land,
“ Adieu ! ” she cried, and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

SUSETTE.

THEY tell me that thy witching smiles
A shallow soul conceal,
That thou art skilled in varied wiles
The hearts of men to steal.
But when I view thy glances gay,
Thine orbs of limpid blue—
Ah, let them prate ! Whate'er they say,
I know it can't be true,
Susette,
I know it can't be true.

They tell me when thy soft refrains
The soul of music thrill,
That they are but a syren's strains
To work the stranger ill.
But when I see the old folks throng
And little children, too,
To drink the sweetness of thy song,
I know it can't be true,
Susette,
I know it can't be true.

They tell me that thy beauty blows,
A fair and baleful flower ;
That 'neath an evil star he goes
Who e'er hath felt thy power.

But when I see thy lashes shine
With pity's gentle dew
My heart repels the charge malign,
I know it can't be true,
Susette,
I know it can't be true.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

SYBIL.

HER face uplifted, and she looked—
The mirrors *spake*,
Not—not to *me* ;
But, to see her eyne so grand and bright,
Enough—enough for my delight,
I blessed her for another's sake,
As the slave blesseth the free :

Her face uplifted, and she smiled—
Her soul a smile.
Not—not for *me* ;
Yet, to see her face so heavenly bright,
Enough—enough for my delight,
I blessed her who could so beguile,
As the slave blesseth the free :

Her face uplifted, and she blushed—
The heart a blush !
Not—not for *me* ;

Yet, to see such sight of pink and white,
Enough—enough for my delight,
I blessed the face one else could flush,
As the slave blesseth the free.

JOSEPH ELLIS.

TERESA.

DOWN the garden pathway singing,
Comes a lithesome form I know ;
Fleet bright butterflies are winging
To and fro
On the hillsides where the ox-eyed daisies
grow.

Round her flutter thrush and sparrow,
Warbling joyous, unafraid,
And sly Cupid with his arrow
'Neath the shade
Of the rose-tree lurks to greet the laughing
maid.

Should he find her there, the charmer,
With his bended bow and dart,
Pierce the never-shattered armor
Round her heart,
Evermore my tongue would bless his subtle
art.

See ! she wanders where the roses,
Jealous, hide her from my view ;
Now an opening fair discloses
The soft hue
Of her flitting fleecy garments, skyey blue.

Ah, she pauses ! but 't is only
By a rose-tree climbing high,
There to pluck a blossom lonely.
Is he by ?
Is the love-compelling goddess' son a-nigh ?

Who can tell ? for on she strayeth
Toward an arbor cool and green,
There a splashing fountain playeth
Soft, serene,
And beyond in golden wheat-fields reapers
glean.

Here, amid the vines entwining,
Sits she as the moments pass,
While I gaze with sad repining
At the mass
Of the shining clouds, sun-smit like burnished
brass.

Still I wait, my soul a-quiver,
Till she comes—ah, fate be kind !—
To my heart a joyous giver,
Where enshrined
Love will hide beyond the power of ill to find ;

Or as calm and cold and stately
As a statue, marble-born,
Passing with white face sedately,
Not in scorn,
Yet to show me how my hopes are all forlorn.

Now the hanging vines are parted
And I see her draw a-near.
Will she leave me broken hearted ?
Vanish, Fear !
In thine eyes I read my answer, thou most
dear !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

“Teresa in the Garden.”

UNA.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the
plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did re-
main,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield ;
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainng to the curb to yield :
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters
fit.

.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned : so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she
led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to western
shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and then expelled,
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far
compelled.

EDMUND SPENSER.

From "The Faerie Queen."

URANIA.

SHE smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die ;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men ;
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labored, puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she !

Yet show her once, ye heavenly Powers,
One of some worthier race than ours !
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights,
His voice like sounds of summer nights,
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe !

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,

And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry : *Long, long I've looked for thee.*

Then will she weep ; with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men,
Till then, her lovely eyes maintain
Their pure, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

URSULA.

LADY, whose peerless loveliness
Consenting day and night confess,
In the gentle wedded hour,
When twilight breathes its magic power,
And stealthy from their noontide sleep,
Beauty's hidden spirits creep,
No lofty rhyme of beaten gold
The blossom of thy name shall hold :
But the pine leaf answering
The robin's note shall sweetly sing
Thee, as dreaming sunbeam fair,
And holy as pale evening's prayer.

WILLIAM T. WASHBURN.

VICTORIA.

WHAR Dee comes doon through heather
bells,

An' shelterin' glens the roses woo ;
Whar freedom dances ower the dells,
Whar love is leal an' hearts are true—
A bonnie lass adorns her bouir

In charms whase like time never saw,
An' Scotia names her sweetest flow'r
Victoria, Victoria !

Her smile of love gaes ower the lan',
Till grief and pain are turned to glee ;
The shadows 'neath her milk-white han'
Like clouds afore the morning flee ;
An' whar she comes, for evermair,
To muir or mead, to hoose or ha',
The blooms and birds keep liltin' there—
Victoria, Victoria !

Oh ! wha wud chuse but loe a lass
Wi' spells which fancy's wings enchain,
Wi' graces queen did ne'er surpass,
Wha 's made a nation's heart her ain ?
The rolls o' fame embalm nae name,
Which honor's finger springs to shaw,
Can heat, like thine, affection's flame,
Victoria, Victoria !

A. STEPHEN WILSON.

VIOLET.

VIOLET, delicate, sweet,
Down in the deep of the wood,
Hid in thy still retreat,
Far from the sound of the street,
Man and his merciless mood :—

Safe from the storm and the heat,
Breathing of beauty and good,
Fragrantly, under thy hood,
Violet.

Beautiful maiden, discreet,
Where is the mate that is meet,
Meet for thee—strive as he could—
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,
Fearing another one should,
Violet !

W. C. MONKHOUSE.

WILHELMEIN.

THE poet raptured, gazing wifeward, said :
“Thou art the self of beauty to my sight ;
From dainty feet to glory-crownèd head,
Thy figure shapen is in lines of light ;

With perfect rhyme those lithe arms upward
spread

A pulsing couplet form in rhythm night ;

And o'er thy bosom drape the vestments white,
Tenderly, as words by music vesturèd.

If verse now had the graphic warmth of sun,

If Love would body what his heart would hide,

If thou wert less than very vestal'd nun,

Dear love, of thee might yield to Art's fond
pride,

And, dressed in poet's breath—these veils
aside—

Thou shouldst be wife and poem merged in
one."

CLIFFORD LANIER.

"Love's Reserve."

ZARA.

I THINK but of thee when with ruby and rose
The sun on the mountains has tinted the
snows,

And wakened thine eyes from their dreamy
repose.

I think but of thee when the fountains splash
sweet

And cool in the noontide amid the still heat,
Like the soft music made by thy two tiny feet.

I think but of thee when the daylight grows
pale

On valley and vineyard, on garden and vale,
When warbles so sadly the lorn nightingale.

I think but of thee when the moonbeams out-
shine,

And kiss so divinely each temple and shrine,
And play 'mid the boughs of the citron and
pine.

In daylight or darkness, on land or on sea,
In green-girt Granada or far Araby,
My darling, my Zara, I think but of thee !

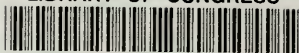
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

“ Moorish Love Song.”





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